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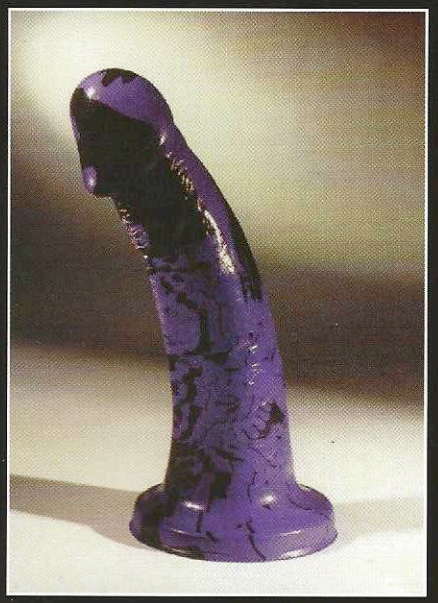

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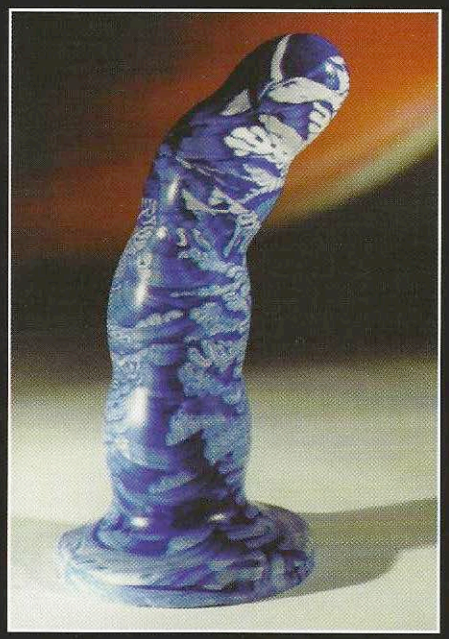

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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 13, Issue 4

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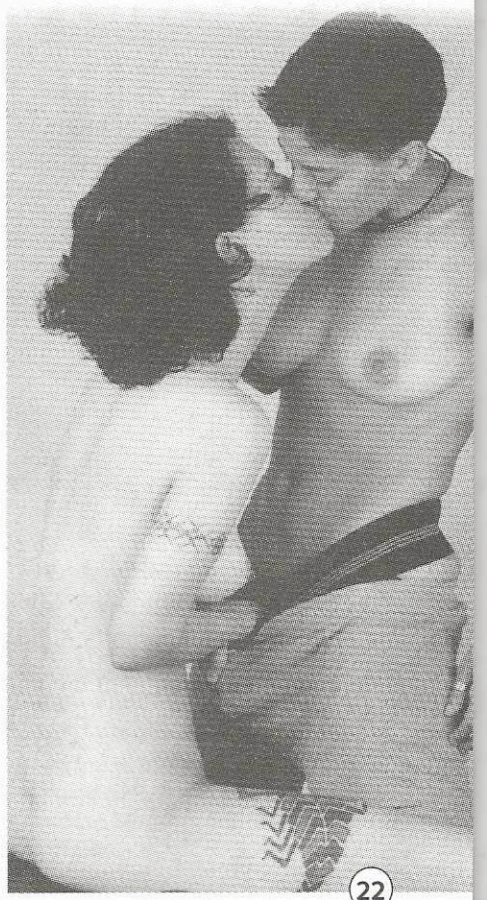
OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

December / January 1999
Volume 13, Number 4

On the cover: Tristan feels Teresa's clit for Michele Serchuk.



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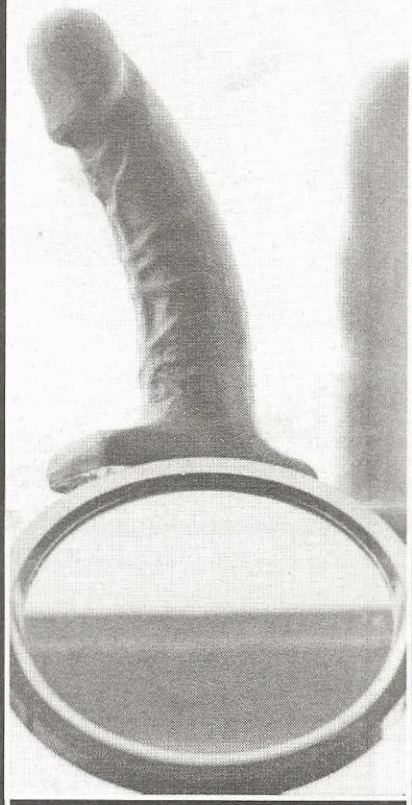

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contributors

Compiled by Lori Selke

Annie Sprinkle, infamous porn star, feminist, and sex goddess, says, "sex and sensuality are the most interesting subjects in the world. Why take pictures about anything else?" She currently lives on a houseboat in Sausalito, California, and says her first priority in life is taking lesbians out on her rowboat. Her autobiographical book *Post Porn Modernist* has just been published by Cleis Press.

Annie Sprinkle

"I think that if someone can't relate in some way, shape or form to this article, they're either in denial or living some kind of charmed existence," says **On Our Backs'** former Associate Editor **Kathleen Hildenbrand** about her feature, "Knocked Sexless" (page 28). She notes that one of her goals was to overcome her own stigma about going sex-free by writing about the experience. "Hopefully by the time I this comes out I will have had sex," she jokes. "That's my other goal." Kathleen has moved on to become Managing Editor of *Girlfriends* magazine.

Kathleen Hildenbrand

Ricky Lee last appeared in our August/September issue with a controversial butch/butch pictorial; she returns this issue to present the kinkiest Chistmas ever (page 32). "It was really fun," she says, "it was everything Christmas should be but more." Lee is working a follow-up video to her first project, the porno short *Butch Girls, Reservoir Dykes, and Faggot Whores*. She notes that she wants to see "more legs" in **On Our Backs**.

Ricky Lee

Michele Serchuk returns to our pages with her hottest pictorial yet, "Hot Sweaty Gym Sex" (page 22). "I like working with couples and people who are really into each other," she says. These two had great chemistry." She adds that Tristan and Teresa are as responsible as she is for such excellent photos: "We were each able to contribute something creatively to the shoot." Serchuk has had several recent exhibits on the East Coast, and she has contributed an erotic stories to both *Herotica 5* and this year's *Best Lesbian Erotica*.

Michele Serchuk

Zanne Prudhomme, the person responsible for the frat dyke illustration and the Adventure Girl illustration on pages 30 and 7, respectively, is a well-known deejay and promoter of such queer clubs as Junk, Drive, and Muffdive. She has also been a freelance illustrator, writer and musician in San Francisco for the past eight years. Besides her editorial illustration work, Prudhomme has designed several websites, created logos and promotional packages, t-shirts and album covers, signs and murals, games, books and comics, portraits and large-scale paintings. To see more of her work check out www.cea.edu/~zanne/.

Zanne Prudhomme

AIDS activist **Kate Sorensen** lives in Philadelphia and wants everyone to know she'll be staying there for at least the next twenty years. Her story, "Chip Gets a Bum Rush" (page 31) was inspired by her dislike of the backwards baseball cap. "I really do hate that look, but it's on its way out, fortunately for me at least." She has published her own small magazine, *Joy*, and has previously appeared, among other places, in *Girljock* magazine.

Kate Sorensen

from the editor

Ever since I was very young, I was dying to lose my virginity. I resented partners who knew more about sex than me. Sex was the way to heal, love, and express myself. Sex was a cause that needed me. Sex was power. And I had to have it, so to speak.

So when we first talked about assigning the feature we were calling "Sexless," it was partly a joke. We thought a feature on bed death, with a sidebar on "why not to fuck," would be hilarious for a smut magazine.

Then Kathleen Hildenbrand, our former associate editor, wrote "Knocked Sexless," a piece that exceeded our expectations. Her arguments precipitated several discussions around the office: was our interest in sex actually part of a larger agenda? What if a loss of libido isn't something you have to see a shrink about? What does it mean for the only national porno for lesbians to run a story critiquing the same "pro-sex" politics that gave birth to it?

Santa Claus is a dyke and I've been a really, really good girl.

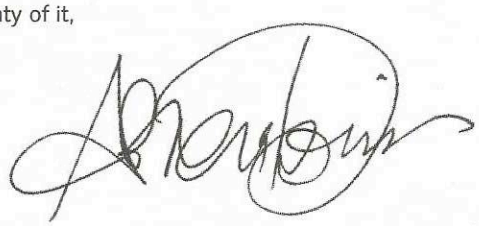
In honor of "Knocked Sexless" I was going to write about the limits of a sex positive culture. But the same week, a friend was busted for prostitution. The cop, who had a hard-on through out the entire massage, took the money, berated her about her pimp (she has no pimp, actually; her house is run by women), and she'll probably have to go to prostitute "rehab." Then I read in the paper about a bunch of women who were imprisoned for trying to get vibrators into Alabama. I had an argument with a friend about horror movies (she thinks they're revolting, I think they're sexy).

Suddenly, what we were doing seemed complicated again, and we all had to rethink why the hell we were printing a story that defended sexlessness. Luckily, we have answers for you: From the beginning, **On Our Backs** been utterly committed to getting lesbians to have better sex, more sex, and different kinds of sex. Paradoxically, we ran "Knocked Sexless" *because* we care so much about lesbian sex. We want this little magazine to be a place where dykes can talk about sex in difficult, controversial ways. In the end, we feel so strongly about our mission that we think sex can survive a bit of criticism.

For those of you in a stare-down with your libidos, take heart: there's plenty of fucking in this issue. You'll notice that our Adventure Girl, a.k.a. Tristan Taormino, has taken a break from behind-the-scenes and has stepped in front of the camera. We think you'll thank us when you check out "Hot Sweaty Gym Sex." Turn to page 7 to tag along with her stand-in, Sue Fedich, as she trots off to her first lesbian sex party.

Before I sign off, I'd like to dedicate this issue to those readers who hold a special place in my heart: the horny girls who aren't getting any tonight. Those of you who do get busy on a regular basis, think about the rest of us when you're getting your brains fucked out tonight.

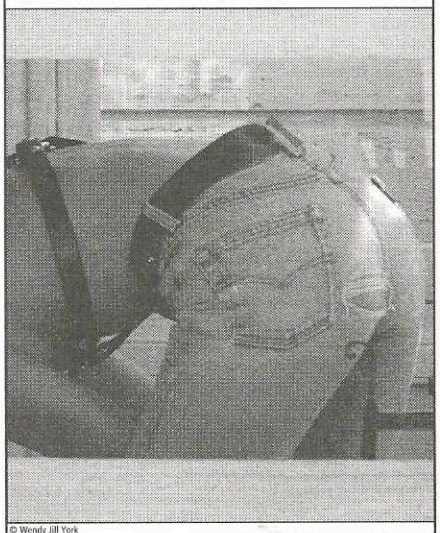
Love and plenty of it,



Athena Douris, editor

PHOTO THIS PAGE BY RICKY LEE / CONTRIBUTORS: KATE SORENSEN BY AMY GARLIN / MICHELE SERCHUK BY J.R. LINDHOLM /ANNIE SPRINKLE BY JILL POSENER

Fun Products For Serious Sex



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letters

BRING ON THE BUTCHES

The way I feel about the return of **On Our Backs** cannot be expressed in words. Thank you! As a boy dyke, I long to see butches in magazines. More Ricky Lee ("Driving Ms. Diesel," August/September 1998)! More validation that there are those of us out there who are attracted to other butches. Best of luck.

Shuna Fish
Napa, California

TOPS AND TOPLESS

Why is one lesbian fully clothed in "Driving Ms. Diesel" (August/September 1998)? My guess is that in the lesbian community this is supposed to be a sign of power and control. Well, power and control is all in the mind. You can be naked and still be in control.

W.F. Branch
[Address withheld]

RAPE OF THE SCHLOCK

The dildo pictorials in **On Our Backs** seem to follow a pathological pattern. Judging from the photos in "Driving Ms. Diesel" (August/September 1998), the femme might be in considerable discomfort, and the bulldyke must get off from humiliating this femme, because it doesn't seem likely that the strap-on could give her much physical sensation. So we've got two people going through the motions of rape without any indication that either of them is going to attain an orgasm. There's enough rape imagery in men's porno without it being re-enacted in women's porno. It seems even more distasteful that women would willingly try to turn rape into an erotic turn-on. You could learn something by looking at *Playboy*. The Playmate of the Month is presented as a nice, attractive, intelligent, sober, wholesome girl, the kind a man isn't supposed to mistreat.

[Name withheld]
Washington, D.C.

OOB responds:
Glad Ricky Lee's photos caught folks' attention. But FYI: for some women, it's hotter with clothes on because *of the power dynamics that creates. And you might try fucking a girl with a dildo before you knock the sensations involved: I've come just from the hip movements and the thrill of giving my baby a whirl. But then again, she was a big slut, the kind men are supposed to mistreat.*

PRETTIER IN PINK

There's something **On Our Backs** needs to know: we girls have clitorises. And lesbians love them. So why don't we see them in your photo layouts? All I can see in your first two issues are dark shadows where the clits should be. Now that you're back, I want to drop *Hustler*. Anything they do, you can do better!

Clitless
Albuquerque, New Mexico

LOULAN'S LOOPY

I must take issue with your choice of JoAnn Loulan as your lesbian sexpert. The fact that she is no longer sleeping with women and is, instead, in a long-term relationship with a man, makes me wonder how effective her advice is. If doing what she suggests is going to make me flip out, stop sleeping with women, and start sleeping with men, I'll pass. Quite frankly, I don't even know how she can call herself a lesbian. What kind of warped mind would believe such a lie? The last thing I want is advice from someone who is confused about her sexuality. For your sake, I hope you'll reconsider.

Dawn Mueller
Chicago, Illinois

OOB responds: *The current sexual preference of our "How-To" columnist—like that of anybody else's—is not contagious. And for the record, JoAnn Loulan is a licensed sex therapist whose clients are 95 percent lesbian. She majored in sexuality in graduate school; conducted "sex boot camps" for more than 5,000 people; has led sex workshops for hundreds of lesbians; conceived her son through alternative insemination; and has published four books that were the first of their kind:* Period, The Lesbian Erotic Dance, Lesbian Passion, *and* Lesbian Sex *(which includes 50 pages of sex "homework"). Loulan's work has earned her nicknames such as "the Eisenhower of Lesbian Sex," "the Marie Curie of the Clitoris," and "the Dr. Ruth of Dykedom." Confused? Perhaps you mean articulate, accomplished, and revolutionary. Of course, if you're concerned that reading an article could make you "flip-flop," perhaps you better steer clear of this month's "How-To," just in case it turns you into a servant girl.*

HAND IN LOVE

After reading your story "Fist" (August/September 1998), I was so turned on I writhed across the bed, desperate to feel my partner deep inside me. Naturally, she did not disappoint me: I spent two beautiful hours with the most incredible woman I have ever known. Being fisted and having four toe-curling orgasms was exactly what I needed. To the woman I have committed my life to: Baby, you rock my world. To **On Our Backs**: Thanks for sharing a good story with your readers.

Michelle
Ontario, Canada

PHOTO BY MICHELE SERCHUK

BYE BYE, BI-GIRLS

Congratulations on the triumphant return of **On Our Backs**! Intelligence, eroticism, and creativity were abundant in the first two new issues; I especially loved the two butches (August/September 1998) in the last one—they looked like they were having a blast! Now for my one concern. There seems to be a large number of bisexuals at **On Our Backs**, which is great—I'm bi myself—but I read your magazine for the wimmin. It would be a shame to lose our only source of feminist women's porn to excessive inclusiveness. Adventure Girl may consider it risqué to swing with a wife and husband (August/September 1998), but I can think of no more depressing cliché.

Melissa Keith
Ontario, Canada

OOB responds:
We own a bi-o-meter and it's our policy to demand bi-readings of every person who wishes to associate with our magazine. One model went down on a man last year and we're still burning candles in her memory. Thanks for calling us on our grave mistake: including bi-women along with true dykes, real dykes, and only dykes.

Was it everything you dreamed of?
The only way we'll know is if you tell us, okay? E-mail staff@gfriends.com, fax 415.648.9464, mail **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. Merci.

MY FIRST LESBIAN SEX PARTY

by Sue Fedich

I HAD JUST GOTTEN OUT OF ONE OF THOSE BREAKUPS IN WHICH THE SEX DWINDLES, SO IT HAD BEEN AT LEAST TWO MONTHS SINCE I HAD BEEN FUCKED. I TRIED DOING MYSELF WITH A DILDO, BUT THE ANGLE WASN'T RIGHT. I TRIED FISTING MYSELF AFTER I SAW IT IN A PICTURE, BUT RECEIVED ONLY A NASTY URINARY-TRACT INFECTION FOR MY EFFORTS.

My best friend suggested a play party. She had a new girlfriend, and they went to sex parties all the time. Feeling single and free, I said yes, but I argued with myself after I got off the phone with her, just so I wouldn't have it too easy. Slut. No, you're the slut.

The biggest dilemma, in fact, was finding something to wear. The sex party was also an SM party (most of them are, it seems), and I owned no leather. I ended up wearing heels and red fishnets, pink vintage underwear, and a black velvet bustier. I was concerned that the leather dykes wouldn't have a sense of humor about all the colors I was wearing, but oh well. I packed a bag full of condoms, lube, my favorite dildo, and a speculum. (I don't know why I brought the speculum, but it couldn't hurt.)

My best friend and her girlfriend seemed remarkably sedate. I asked some dumb questions and worried that they were going to ask me for a threesome. I'm open-minded, but I was really not up for a threesome. At that second, my best friend turned around in her seat. "Do you want to join in when we do our scene?" she asked. I quickly remembered that "scene" means sex, or quasi-sex, and declined smoothly. Uncanny.

The sex party was located in a not-very-safe area of town, so the three of us put on black overcoats before we unpacked the sex toys from the trunk. Other dykes in black overcoats, also carrying valises, were streaming into one house. I thought we all looked very suspicious, but we checked in and went inside without incident. I sat on a mattress and tried to look cool. Within minutes, my best friend was tied to a cross, naked, was being flogged, and had a vibrating egg lodged between her thighs. So I was on my own.

I walked around the room and racked my brain for the memory of an essay I had read in *The Second Coming* two years ago about how to attend a sex party. Then I realized I had signed a five-page waiver detailing all the rules of this sex party when I checked in. I couldn't remember one rule, and I had promised to abide by all of them! Why hadn't I requested a Xerox?

I was distracted from my worries by several people "playing" (that's what leatherwomen call sex, sort of). A woman was getting fisted in a sling, one woman was fingering another while they were sitting in a cage, and two cute dykes were swatting a third dyke on her butt. One large-sized woman was getting a sexy-looking massage. And another woman had a huge whip up a man's ass, and was verbally tormenting him while she caned his ass cheeks. Ah, SM.

Soon I was so turned on that I overcame the awkwardness of watching strangers have sex. Soft moans filled the basement air, and I felt my eyelids grow heavy. I knew what this meant: my inhibitions were lowered. I was on the sex drug.

A man dressed in teal lingerie with two suction cups hanging off his nipples struck up conversation with me. I normally dis men, but I couldn't tell immediately if he was a man, and anyway, he had these huge suction cups hanging off his tits. He asked me if I would assist him in pumping them up. I honestly found the contraption fascinating. And pumping the air out of suction cups isn't sex, is it? It was all very confusing.

Over orange juice and cookies, my new male friend made a thickly veiled offer to go down on me. I said no, thank you, and I suddenly realized that I had never stood around a table of cookies while in my underwear and made small talk. And I had never declined so many requests for sex in one day. Wow.

I went back downstairs and reclined in front of a femme who was enthusiastically sucking an older butch's dildo. My mouth gets really worn out when I do that, so I appreciated the show. A couple was watching me, and I smiled back suggestively.

It worked: one woman came over, introduced herself to me, and asked me what I liked. Caning, I said. She acted impressed. She asked if I wanted to get fucked, too. I said maybe. The woman said she was training another top and asked me if I'd like to assist.

So that's how I ended up blindfolded, with my hands on one woman's knees while the other woman caned my ass. She asked me if I wanted to get fucked. I said, "Okay, but can you get my big dick, though?" She acted impressed by the size of my dick, and then shoved it in my cunt. We fucked and fucked.

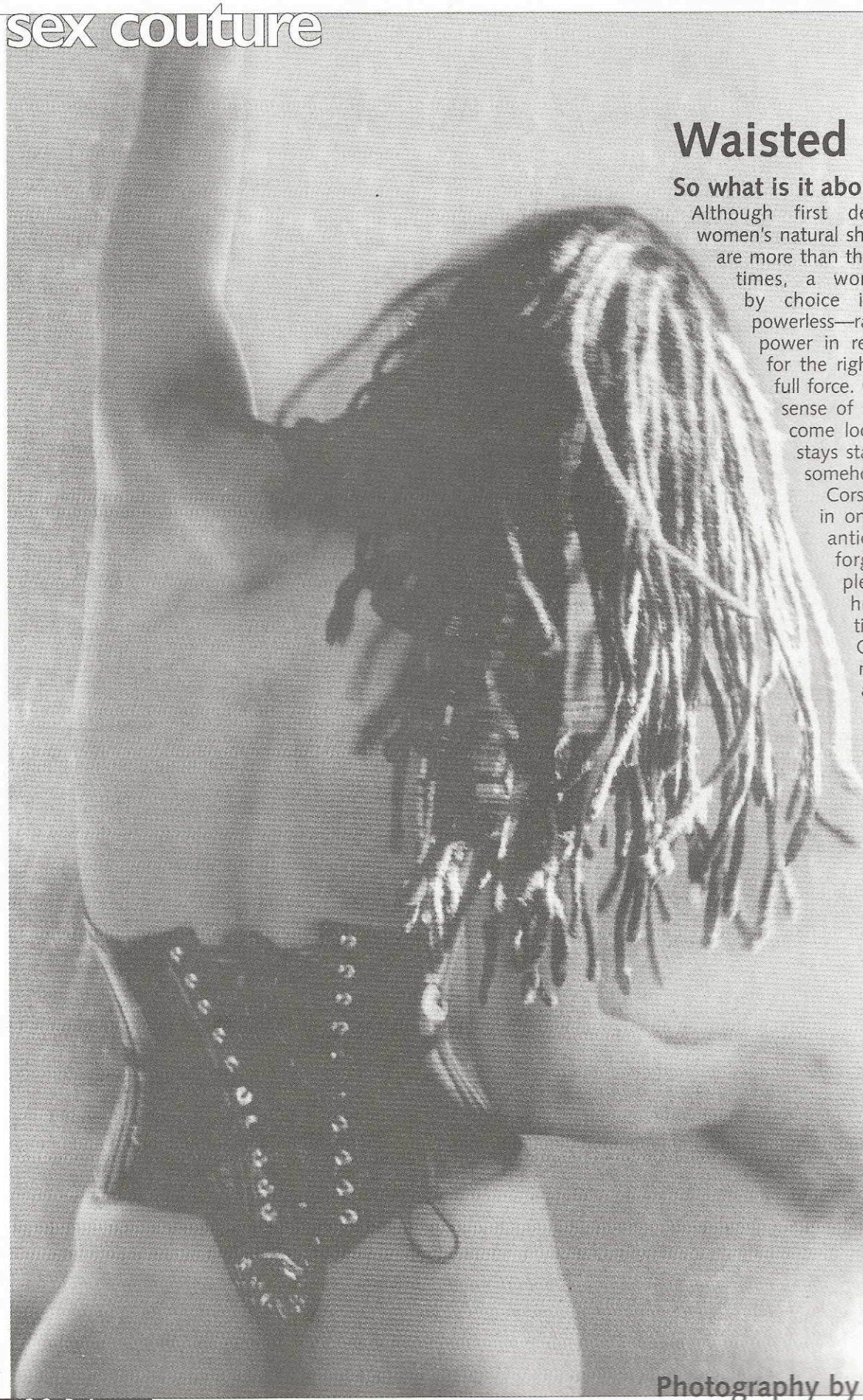
It was great, except that when I come I'm really loud and I was the only loud person in the dungeon. And when I come I shake all over. I think she thought I was in pain, because just as I was about to get off, she stopped fucking me and took off my blindfold. Then she wanted to talk.

Oh mother. I felt too excited, confused, and then too irritated to talk. Visions of my vibrator danced in my head. The woman gave me her card and asked me to call her the next day so she could be sure I was okay. We introduced ourselves to each other and said goodbye.

My friends were packing up when I wobbled over to them and put my trench coat on. The party was over; the music was off, and a cute dyke was running around making sure everyone had stopped fucking. Okay, so the ending was weird, but I was still jubilant. How cosmopolitan: I got dressed for sex, saw lots of sex, had sex, and now I was getting a ride home to my comfy bed. What a perfect night. My friends asked me if I needed to spend the night with them for comfort, and I didn't think they were propositioning me. Still, I refused. Me and my vibrator had a date, and I could not let her down.

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme



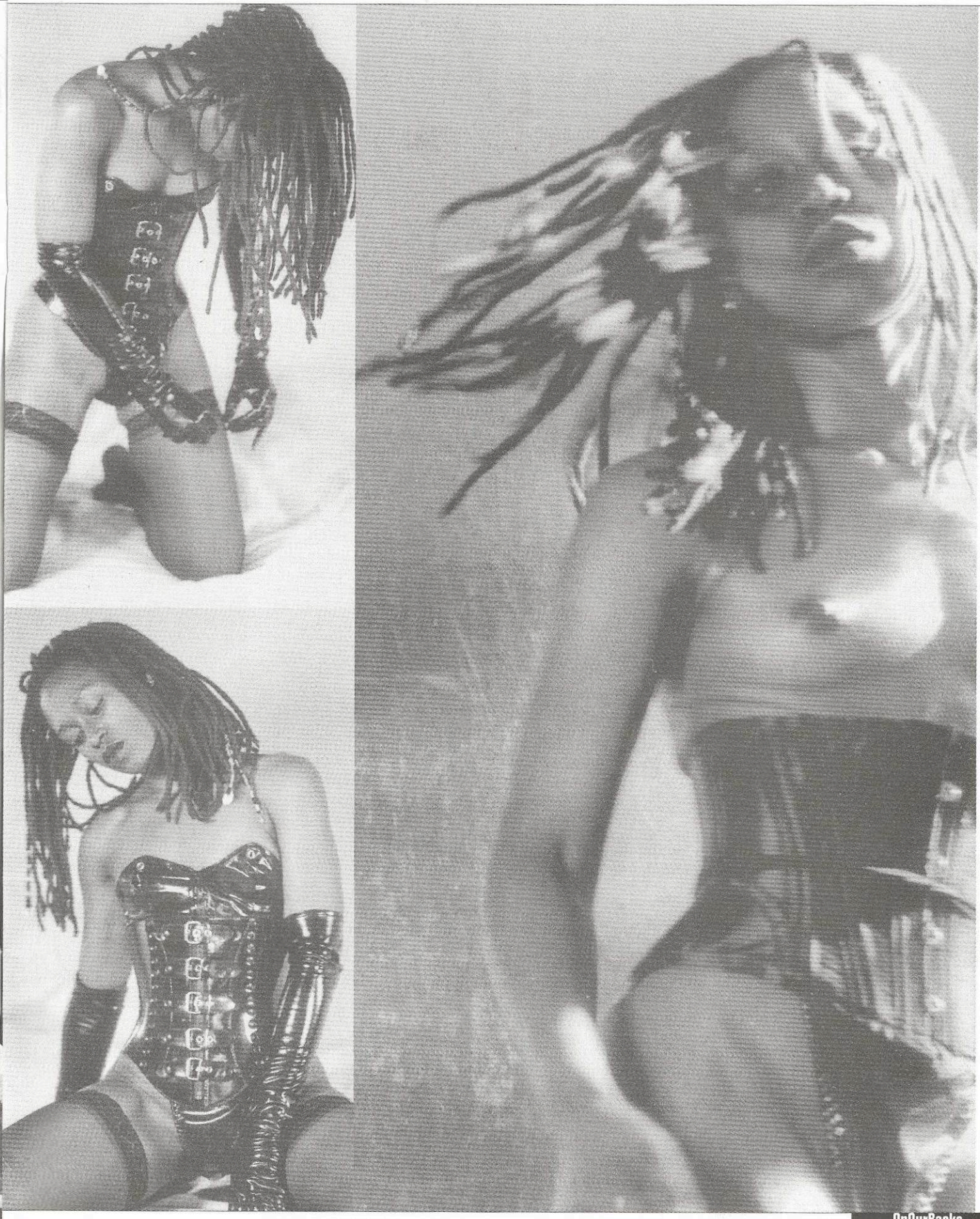
Waisted

So what is it about corsets, anyway?

Although first developed to transform women's natural shapes, corsets as sex wear are more than that. In these more modern times, a woman wearing a corset by choice is no longer rendered powerless—rather, she holds her sexual power in restraint (literally), waiting for the right moment to unleash its full force. Corsets carry with them a sense of suspense; when the laces come loose, what's next? If the stays stay, what follows becomes somehow illicit, like a stolen kiss. Corsets also embody the catch in one's breath, held in erotic anticipation. And let's not forget the pure sensual pleasure of something hugging hips and curves tight to itself, like a lover. Coupled with the fact that modern corsets are made almost exclusively from luxurious materials such as leather, PVC, or brocade, wearing one becomes quite an indulgence.

—l.s.

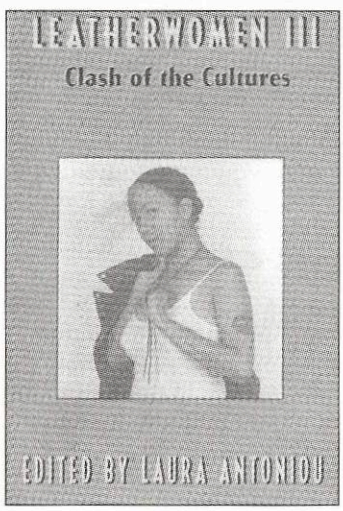
Photography by Michele Serchuk



Leatherwomen III: Clash of the Cultures

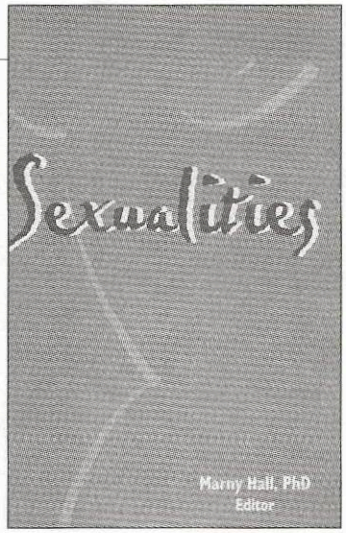
Laura Antoniou, ed.
(Rosebud)

True to its subtitle, *Leatherwomen III* includes every-thing from an Amish girl getting whipped and fucked by a woman her mother's age to a slice of low-income, punk-dyke life. Antoniou introduces the collection with the concept that "anything that's apart from the ordinary... deserves its representational spot on the earth" and expresses the need for erotica that is not necessarily aware of itself as erotica. Unfortunately, the majority of the tales do not live up to these



thoughts. To me, many of the diverse and mostly well-written stories unsuccessfully attempt to erotically transcend the very cultures that are initially forced down the reader's throat. Also disappointing are the persistent tales of men as desired and necessary sexual tools for bored dykes' need for domination. Delightful exceptions to this are Pagan O'Leary's *Renee*, which focuses on psychosis and self-loathing rather than sex, as well as Gwen M'Clatchy's *Mistress Butterfly*, which balances sexually charged ritualistic practices with outright male-bashing. In any case, the few gems that the collection has to offer are worth reading. **yh**

Grade:



Sexualities

Marny Hall, ed.
(Harrington Press)

If there's one thing that lesbians love more than sex, it's therapy. Marny Hall's new book combines the best of both, making for a creamy yet sophisticated pantheon. Annie Sprinkle's "101 Uses for Sex" starts out the volume (Reason #41: "to get in touch with your emotions, like sadness"). Carol Queen's essay about SM aims to enlighten therapists unfamiliar with the territory. Another brilliant essay explains how "gay migration" (queers moving across the country to be gay) is as psychologically stressful as "real" migration (persons immigrating or emigrating across continents). Two other pieces stand out: an article about how cults use sexuality to control their members (this one, eerily, reminded me of a past relationship), and an (only slightly paranoid) article about how therapists manipulate women's desire for intimacy for financial gain. Anthologies on sex tend to recycle, but *Sexualities* is a powerful exception. ad

Grade:

Little Black Book

Wash your hair instead.

Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.

One-night-stand material.

Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.

Better than sex.

Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
kh Kathleen Hildenbrand
yh Yetta Howard

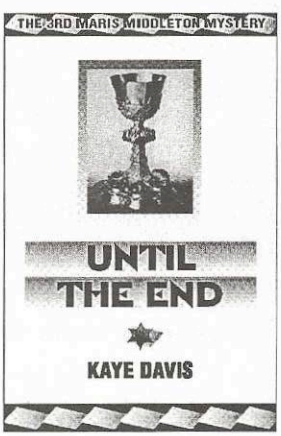
HOT NEW VIDEO

TOKYO COWBOY

"A film with sweetness and warmth"
— *CHICAGO TRIBUNE*

No Ogawa (Hiromoto Ida) is captivated by the wild west of Hollywood movies, which he sees personified in his childhood pen pal, Canadian girl Kate Beatty (Christina Hirt). Determined to realize his dreams of a home in the West, he sets out from his dead-end job in Tokyo to find Kate and become a bona fide Canadian cowboy. But reality intrudes quickly — Kate is a lesbian who hates small-town life even though she is happy with her lover, Shelly — and the stage is set for wonderful misaventure and cross-cultural confusion. A sweet comedy with a happy ending.

94 Minutes $39.95



HOT NEW BOOK

UNTIL THE END

A Maris Middleton Mystery
by Kaye Davis

With her lover, Lauren, away for training at the FBI Academy, independent crime scene specialist Maris Middleton is hoping that something exciting will come along to keep her occupied. She doesn't have long to wait.

When the brutally battered body of an old woman is found in a ravine, Maris suspects that the homicide is linked to a sinister pattern of revenge and retribution dating back 50 years. But how can she prove it?

Maris knows there's more to murder than meets the eye. What she doesn't know is that a group calling itself the "Keeper of the Legacy" has its eyes on her . . . and will stop at nothing to make sure their secrets stay buried — along with anyone who tries to stop them!

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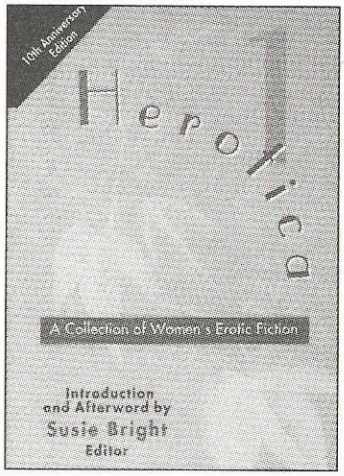


Herotica

Susie Bright, ed.
(Down There Press)

The stories in this collection—aside from Moxxie Light's, bless her perverted soul—aren't that great. They're just not very sexy. Few include lesbian sex, and the ones that do are frighteningly boring. Many are super-soft-focus, others are the kind of experimental writing that makes the sex-starved feel homicidal.

But guess what: you should still own a copy of *Herotica*. That's because what Bright has done with this series allows us, today, to be big snobs and complain that it bores us. Finding woman-centered fiction that gets us hot is a chore tantamount to bowling while in full-body restraint. *Herotica* is not just a reprint, it's a historical document: it marks the beginning of feminist erotica in print. What's more, the ten-year-old introduction reads like it was written last night. It's a tribute to Bright's vision that her work is still relevant—and urgent—a decade later. **ad**

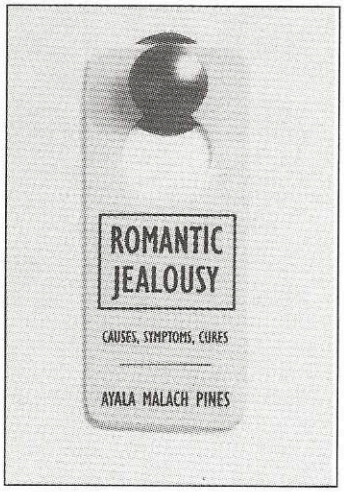
Grade:

Romantic Jealousy

Ayala Malach Pines
(Routledge)

I consider myself the nonjealous type, but in the "Men Get Angry, Women Get Depressed" chapter of *Romantic Jealousy*, I learned I'm living a lie. I'm a typical female possessed by the green-eyed monster: when jealous I buy lipstick, focus on my partner's good attributes, and blame myself. Well, fuck me. I read on and found that nonjealousy can also be a pathological state. Too late for me: I was practically in a jealous coma.

What I kept wishing was that the author had done some research on how butches express anger. To me, it sure as hell looks like they act like the men in this book, but could reality be more nuanced? And do femmes act differently than hetero women? It seems not.



Well, depression is settling in. Suffice to say it's a powerful collection of diagnoses, analysis, and treatments, sprinkled with appealing case studies. If only I knew where my girlfriend was. **ad**

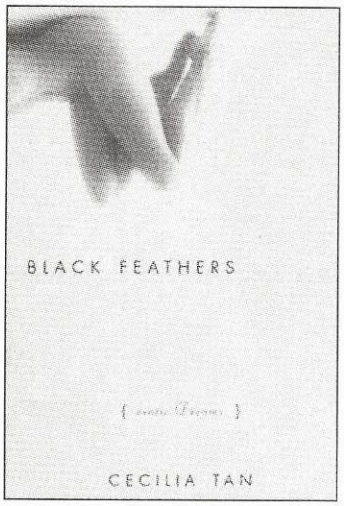
Grade:

Black Feathers

Cecilia Tan
(Harper Perennial)

The best writers lift you out of your daily drudgery and inspire you to dream. Tan is one of these writers: she has the amazing ability to create alternative futuristic realities, draw you into these worlds, and use them to showcase the magic that can exist between people here and now. Her stories center around the spirituality of dominance and submission. In "The Game," for instance, a female machinist in a future society chooses to submit to her lowly fellow coworker instead of a powerful overlord, and in "Telepaths Don't Need Safewords," an SM slave and master share a psychic bond.

Her tales mostly feature sex between men and women, but the intensity of her prose makes even dicks seem appealing. Because most of these stories are reprints, if you've followed Tan's work, this collection is bound to seem familiar. And if you're looking for strictly lesbian fare, look elsewhere. But for an example of how erotica can be finely written and fantastical, Tan's your woman. **kh**

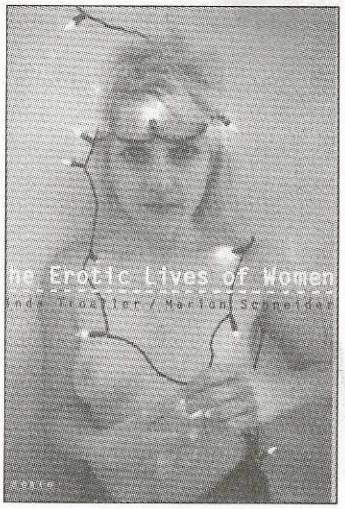


Grade:

The Erotic Lives of Women

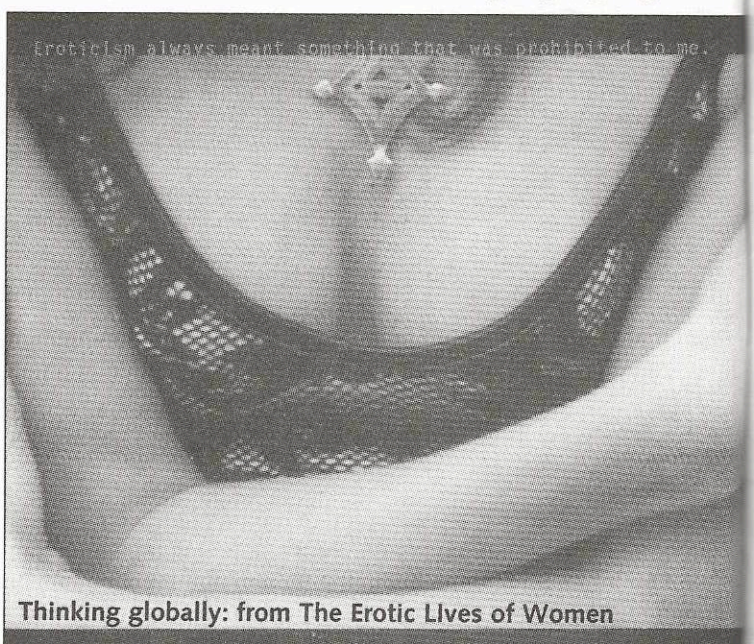
Linda Troeller and Marion Schneider
(Scalo)

When you're a dyke living in a gay ghetto, it's easy to forget that there are huge parts of the world where not only is lesbianism invisible, but women's sexuality in general is taboo. *Erotic Lives* tries to change the latter. Its creators take the classic feminist strategy of women gaining power by sharing stories, and apply it globally. The book's writer (Schneider) and photographer (Troeller) traveled to Europe, Russia, Morocco, and the United States to ask women what they found erotic. The women range from Kata, a young Moroccan virgin who has problems understanding the concept of eroticism ("I do not even know the word,") to Eva, a Norwegian who talks of picking up men in movie theaters ("I always went out and realized my fantasies instead of staying home dreaming about them"). While only two



women, both American, have female partners, this speaks more of the cultural specificity of lesbian culture than of any attempt at exclusion by the authors. Though the book is more a fascinating cultural study than it is arousing, it's a true eye-opener. **kh**

Grade:



Thinking globally: from The Erotic Lives of Women

AMATEUR NIGHT

We check out the best of amateur action

By Cindy Patton

A lot of us complain that erotica videos are unrealistic...the women don't really look excited or are just acting out some stereotype of what it looks like to be excited. The plots (such as they are) have nothing to do with real people's sexuality, we complain, they just plop a bunch of bodies together to sweat and groan. I thought I'd clear up some confusion about fantasy and faking, authenticity and acting, by checking out the relatively recent genre of amateur videos. Advertised as "This could be your neighbors!" and "Real people having real sex!" I thought they might be a kind of queer America's Favorite Home Videos. Not, as it turns out, but then, some of those publicly broadcast home videos are already pretty perverse. Think of the therapy bills in a few years!

Liza, We Love You

(Homegrown Video Series, Xplor Media Group, 1996)

Featuring a single amateur in solo and "all-girl" vignettes, this video is typical of the subgenre: the handheld camera can't find its mark, props get lost, the phone rings and someone off camera stomps out to answer. Forget plot, unless watching someone trying to insert everything in the room is your idea of high drama. She tries a black patent leather shoe—a fuck-me pump, get it? I guess that was irony. I just hope they cleaned it first. Well, it is definitely "real." I'm just not sure I really needed to know what the neighbors are up to.

Grade:

All Chicks, No Dicks (Except One Small One)

(Homegrown Video, Xplor Media 1998)

That's it for humor. This "lesbian" entry in Homegrown's list confirmed my general belief that however "unacted," these amateurs are either really bad in bed, or feel compelled to imitate the worst of het porn. The one unboring segment is "two cute blonde ladies exposing and gently nibbling on each other's private parts." These two seem to be enjoying themselves and at least appear to have done this before. But it looks like "Sabrina and Heidi" in the tub are doing it on a bet. Sabrina is very tippy getting out of the tub, suggesting that she, like Liza, has consumed too many pharmaceuticals. Okay, I know that people "really" have sex on a dare and drugs. But I don't "really" want to watch. Save your $2; these are for research purposes only.

Grade:

Chronicles of Lust 3, Starring Sheena

(Xplor Media, 1996)

Incredulous at how bad the "real" stuff was, I took a look at one of the "professional" offerings from Xplor. Turns out it follows the same plotless vignette format as the "amateur" segments. The lighting is better and at least the actors can act. Forget Xplor.

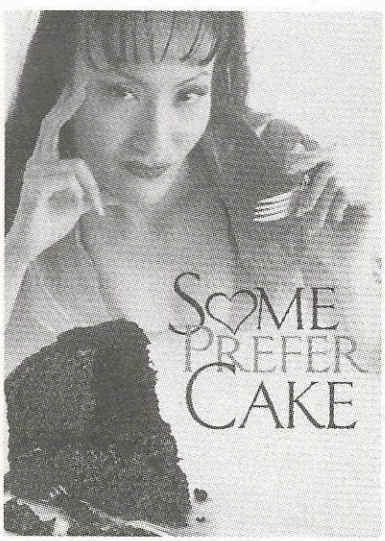
Grade:

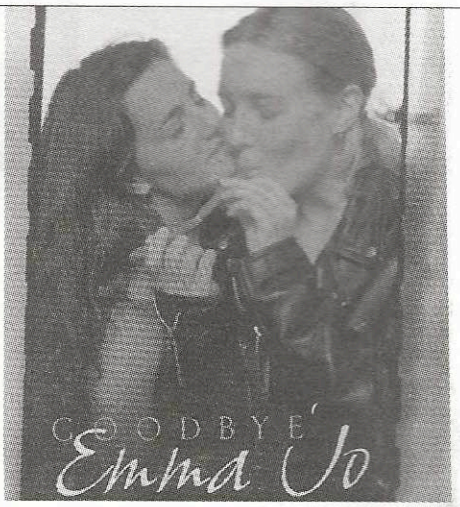
Goodbye Emma Jo

(Wolfe Video, 1997)

Totally theatrical, this video features a complete plot and a lot of photogenic sex. It starts with a butch pilot weeping over the grave of her dead girlfriend. After her car conks out, a cemetery maintenance worker comes to her rescue. Miss (Midwestern) Butch Thing is resistant to the nurturing offered by her hostess, but eventually succumbs, and gets done for all she's worth. Having made a partial recovery from her loss, the toys come out and the pilot demonstrates considerable proficiency with a strap on. Though all of this is utterly scripted, her technique reveals that, unlike the uncensored amateurs, this woman "really knows what she's doing." Leave it to lesbians to integrate porn and "processing."

Grade:





Some Prefer Cake

(Wolfe Video, 1998)

Although it doesn't include "real" sex (just a couple of hazy scenes of pickups and their aftermath), this video is about "acting" on one's sexual desire. The bar scenes will make you ponder whether anyone isn't in drag, and the twists and turns of who ends up with whom raise questions about how we know and express our interests in potential love (and relationship) objects. It has sex but isn't explicit—good first date material.

Grade:

Bend Over Boyfriend

(Fatale Videos, 1998)

Wow. I wish we'd had sex education like this in high school. As the title suggests, this charmer is for women who wish to help their male partner (if any) enjoy anal sex, but it's a good primer for anyone seeking further exposure to this topic. The video stars Carol Queen, her boyfriend, and a dyke-fag couple. The result is playful, and the role-play scenarios are realistic. The action is interspersed with instructions from the educators and medical facts from the nurse; If you're watching for the sex, you may find this distracting. On the other hand, if you like instructions and nurses, it's pretty hot. And a butthole is a butthole, regardless of who's wearing it. Those of you with no interest in male partners can watch this one for lessons in using a strap-on. It is totally weird and wonderful to see a video with men whose penises aren't the center of attention. The gender bending aspect is a real turn-on, and, since it is trying oh so hard to be educational, the sex is very, very authentic without being at all amateurish.

Grade:

try it

Bag of Love

(Grand Opening, Boston, Massachusetts) $75

This gift bag is perfect for mothers. (Well, who do you give sex-toy gift packets to—your lover? Wouldn't she prefer a Jeff Stryker dildo? I thought so.) First, the goodies are exquisitely prewrapped in a discreet black velvet bag. Second, moms love the glow-in-the-dark foreplay dice (educational) and the purple feather (wholesome). Then there's the Kama Sutra-brand "weekender kit" with vials of clove and mint bath gel, edible honey dust and a duster, oil of love, and "pleasure balm." (You want your mom to take good care of herself, right?) Don't ask her about the X-rated goodies (vibrator, butt plug); just think what a better present this is than a new Cuisinart. **ad** Grade:

Cup of Good Times

(Good Vibrations, San Francisco, California) $ 24

I had mixed reactions to this stuff. Packaged with gold and red paper in a handsome cobalt mug, the stocking stuffers certainly *seem* fun. The Dirty Dice and Sex Checks are charming reasons for performing sexual favors. The Kissing Chocolate Cream is more fun on cunt lips and rather tasty, although its consistency reminded me of smeared shit. I personally have no use for chocolate-flavored condoms; however, the samplettes of lube proved quite handy. **yh** Grade:

Bucket of Thrills

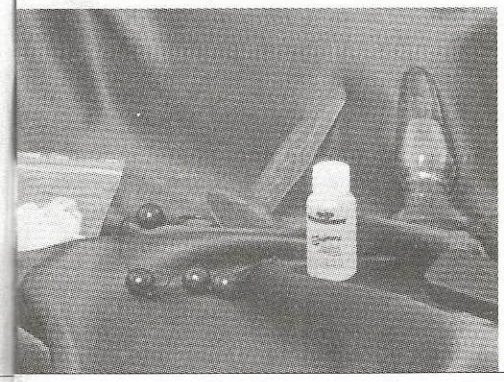
(WomynsWare, Vancouver, Canada) $150

Wow, a gift pack with not just some tepid theme, but actual conceptual unity! Although the packaging—an antiqued green bucket and fake grass—reminded me more of Easter than Christmas, this was otherwise a home run. The pink pearl vibe, tube of vanilla-scented Lube, and mid-sized silicone dildo (with a nubby clitoral pad and a nook at the base for a vibrator egg) worked well as separates and awesomely as a trio. If you're a *really* good girl, maybe you'll find this under your Christmas tree, too. **ls** Grade:

Box of Cheer

(Toys in Babeland, New York, New York) $28

This festive little box works the holiday motif, starting with the red outer ribbon and continuing with a hot red battery vibrator and a green spicy bottle of Oil of Love. Also included: a cheesy pair of Dirty Dice and a mini tube of Astroglide. The hit of the package, though, is the cute knobbed plug on a handle; it's like a little red pacifier for your butt. Color-coordinated fun! **ls** Grade:



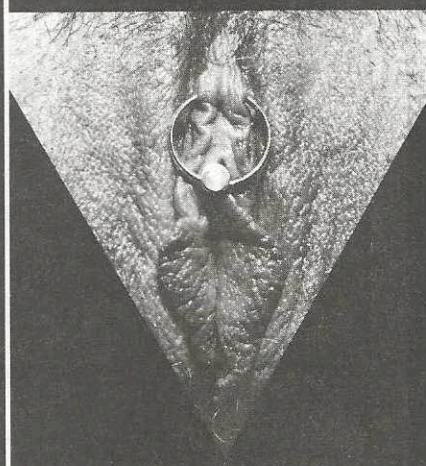
Pack of Tail Toys

(Good Vibrations, San Francisco, California) $40

Thank the stars for Christmas; otherwise we'd never get anal toys that aren't black. Good Vibrations' "Winter's Tail" gift bag includes the slender, popsicle-colored, silicone green anal dildo and its companion piece, a Rudolph-red vibrating jelly butt plug. (Why anyone would want to put "flesh toned" plastic up their behinds after these, I don't know.) Only problem is, these twinklers far out-shine the coal-colored anal beads and obligatory package of finger cots. **hf** Grade:

Review Staff
ad Athena Douris
hf Heather Findlay
yh Yetta Howard
ls Lori Selke

RAELYN GALLINA



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THE DOCTOR IS NINA

GENDER-QUESTIONING

I can't tell if I'm butch or femme. Please help.

You don't give me much to work with here! Perhaps reading more about the butch/femme dynamic will trigger a response in you. Good Vibrations (415-974-8990) has a wonderful catalogue of books on this subject, both scholarly and stroke material. Call and ask for a recommendation.

Remember, sexuality is very fluid. Your "affiliation" can start as one thing and change over time. In the broadest sense, butches prefer "to do," and femmes like to "get done," but submissive butches and dominant femmes are plentiful. Follow what makes you wet.

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE...

Is it passé to give a woman I'm hitting on a business card? Is there a more romantic way?

I like the business card with a personal message on the back. You shouldn't be overly romantic with a woman you don't know, as it could get embarrassing. Be cool and give her your card. If she seems open, you could ask for hers.

SHE'S PORN-OBSESSED

My lover has a hard time maintaining sexual interest without porn. I really want to commit to her and I want this relationship to work. What should I do?

Since you asked, you should examine your feelings about this situation: you'll need to understand what's really going on to take the best next step toward respecting (and fulfilling) your own needs and those of your partner.

It will be helpful to know the answers to these questions: What are your personal feelings about porn, your judgments toward and/or fear of people who use it? Does it enhance or block intimacy? Does her interest pre-date you or is it new? What are you willing to compromise in order to have a "committed" relationship? What can you not give up? Does she share your feelings of commitment? Does she even know how you feel? If not, why not? It goes on and on.

Generally, I believe that people often find dissatisfaction in their relationships in order not to deal with their own pain. Projection is easier than introspection (which is more adult and a lot scarier). When you know the answers, you will find it easier to talk to her and negotiate a more mutually satisfying relationship. Good luck!

DOWN AND WITHOUT

My wife suffers from depression and has been on Prozac for four years. I knew that when I married her, but less than a year later, she's completely lost her sex drive—we don't even cuddle. I've become depressed as well. How can I salvage our relationship?

By getting therapy, both alone and as a couple. Only with the guidance of a professional can you unravel the complex emotions and needs you have. In the meantime, if it doesn't go against your beliefs, I recommend a massage therapist, and perhaps the services of a sex professional. Many working girls love their jobs and see themselves as healers. Many also would love to see female clients, as many are gay or bi. Good luck, and let me know how it turns out.

SHAVING VIRGIN

I'm thinking about shaving my pussy. What should I expect?

Well, it'll itch like mad until it grows out to the right length. Many women do it once to see what it's like, then decide they either don't want the bother or hate the look. Others really dig it and will undertake the serious upkeep (daily shaving, anyone?). Generally, the more plump your vulva is, the easier it is to shave. The straighter your pubes are, the less problem with ingrown hairs. The only way to know is to do it. Check out shaving-related adult Web sites (it's quite the fetish for some folks) for technique hints. Me, I like 'em furry with a bikini trim.

HOW DO I HOLD OFF?

Help! I'm a victim of U-Haul syndrome. I'd like to learn how to date a girl before I move in and settle down with her. What should I do?

I recommend that you stop all dating until you have a better understanding of why you're scared to be alone. When you understand why you repeat behavior that is ultimately unsatisfying to you, you'll be halfway there. Get the help you need for the lessons you need to learn. Keep your chin up; the journey's well worth it!

MY CLIT IS MINIATURE

Is it possible for a clitoris to be too small? Mine's pretty tucked away. I worry sometimes that I might hurt it during sex. I'm not a size queen or anything, I'm just concerned.

A clit can never be too small. However, the smaller they are, the more sensitive they are and the more they need indirect stimulation. Barring any run-ins with a sharp object, you can't hurt your clit during sex, but some positions will be better than others. Keep coming!

I LOOK STRAIGHT

Sometimes I worry that I don't look dykey enough to attract women. How do I let them know that I'm "that way" too?

Directness (not rudeness) is best. After making contact though some social chatter about whatever situation is at hand, say something along the lines of, "Excuse me, but may I ask you a personal question?" If she says "Yes," proceed with, "Are you single?" If "Yes" is the answer, then you could say, "Do you date women?" If "Yes," then ask if she'll date you. Try it out a dozen or so times and write back and let me know how it went.

CAN MEN BE LESBIANS?

I am a 37-year-old male. I want to become a lesbian. What would be the best way to do this, sex change or psychotherapy or what?

If by "lesbian" you mean a physical female who loves women, you'll have to settle for being a heterosexual male. If you feel transgendered, you need more assistance than I can give you here, though there's lots of help for you: look under "Gender" at your local bookstore to find support books for transgendered persons.

Nina Hartley is a porno star and registered nurse. She's got the answers to all your problems: just fax or mail your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

how to role-play

MICHELE SERCHUK

by JoAnn Loulan

Everyone has an idea of role-playing. It's passe, it's au courant, it's scary, it's weird, it's only for SM players, it's... it's... it's... Well, as usual, not everyone agrees with, nor does everyone understand, this kind of sexual play. It's not for everybody, but it is between two consenting adults, and it's fun for lots of people.

What makes role-playing seem scary is the same thing that makes it so attractive: the power differential. Power difference is everyone's taboo and everyone's attraction. We're not supposed to have sex with people who don't match us, either by class, age, affiliation, or race. In real life there are lots of reasons why people who have a power differential between them can get in trouble with sex (e.g., Bill and Monica). The big reason is because no matter what, the person with less power has fewer choices. But we have fantasies to explore things we may not want to do in real life. Role-playing makes us wet because it's between two adults who agree to pretend they're someone they're not.

1. **Pick a role.** Okay, choose one here or make one up. So who's going to be who? Choose or flip a coin. Let's try Maid/Mistress.

2. **Pick a top.** Who is going to be top? There's always plenty of juice for the obvious top: the policeman tells the person he's stopped for a traffic violation that he has to give him a blow job to avoid a ticket, for example. For our scenario, let's have the maid be the top.

3. **Dress for the occasion.** Costumes are quite helpful. Some like to dress each other, some like to get dressed separately and move into the fantasy while they are getting dressed. The maid has no blouse, or a dress that's easy to remove; the mistress is in her nightgown or her fancy party dress.

4. **Assemble your props**. Look around your garage, your storage closet, check out thrift stores, and be imaginative: it's what you do with the prop that makes it sexy. Of course, the best props double as sex toys. A feather duster for the maid, for instance, can be used to tickle private parts.

5. **Get the scenario straight.** There needs to be a reason why the two are alone together. Here's an example: The mistress's husband has flown to Paris for the week, and the maid takes this opportunity to speak with her alone. Or the maid has waited for the mistress to come home while the rest of the household has gone to the skiing lodge. The mistress wants someone to boss her around for a while, and it's not going to be her husband.

6. **Start the fun.** Mistress begs the maid to forgive her for her class transgressions. The maid says it will cost her; the mistress pulls out her wallet. The maid says, "Not that way—you have to work for your redemption." Mistress says she'll do anything for the hot and exciting maid. "I see," says the maid.

7. **Get Busy.** Now the physical action begins, but don't forget: with role-playing, sex is just a part of the turn-on. Both parties must always be sucking energy from the power trip between them. The maid lays her mistress down on the bed and slowly strips her of all clothes. She also tells the mistress she'll tell the mistress's husband if she reveals any of this. The maid wants to continue to establish her control of the situation.

8. **Stay in character.** The turn-on is heightened if neither person loses her role. If the phone rings, the mistress must ask to answer it. If the maid needs to pee, she tells the mistress to lie there and not move.

9. **Improvise.** The sex play continues to include whatever ideas and activities come to mind or body. The natural experience of these two characters is always part of the play, and they end the scene by going back to where they came from.

10. **Plan the next time while in role.** Don't break character for the final scene. The maid has to pick up the children, the mistress's family returns, the maid has to go to her next job—it all keeps the sexual suspense going! The two plan to meet next Saturday night when the rest of the family is visiting their favorite aunt. The ideas are endless; the fun goes on and on.

The roles are endless. The main thing is to pick ones that are fun for you both—so ask your baby what she'd like. Here are a few:

- Mistress/Maid
- President/Intern
- Prison Guard/Prisoner
- Daddy/Daddy's boy or girl
- Teacher/Student
- Master or Mistress/Yard boy
- Baby-sitter/kids
- Bored housewife/Mail carrier
- Neighbor/Girl next door
- Prostitute/Client
- Boss/Subordinate
- Bikini Salesperson/Customer
- Doctor/Patient
- Wife/Husband

Jo Ann Loulan is a renowned psychotherapist and author of *Lesbian Sex, Lesbian Passion,* and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance.*

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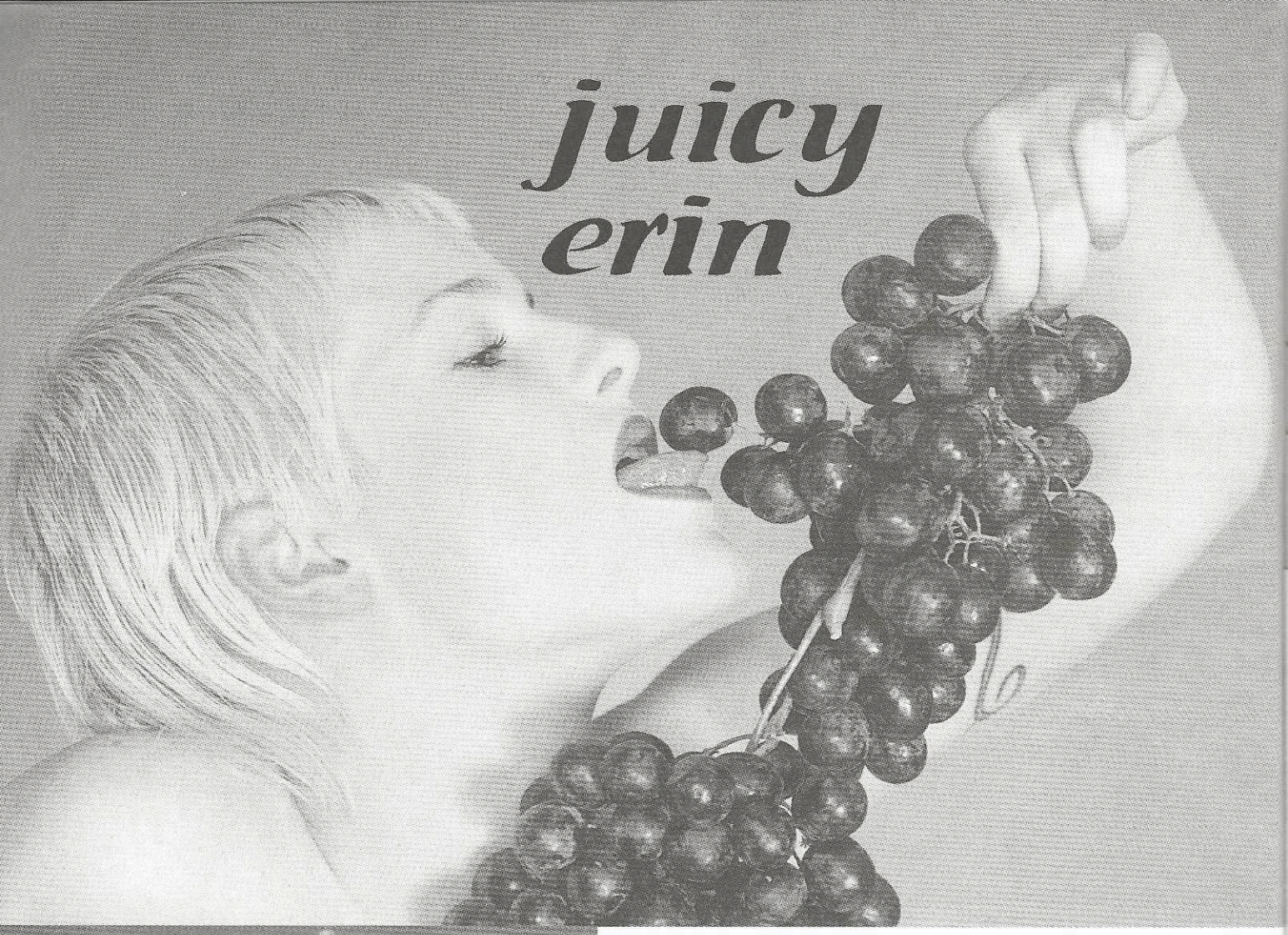


Grape lover and Exhibitionist

Photography and Interview
by Annie Sprinkle

Annie Sprinkle: What's this about a grape fetish?

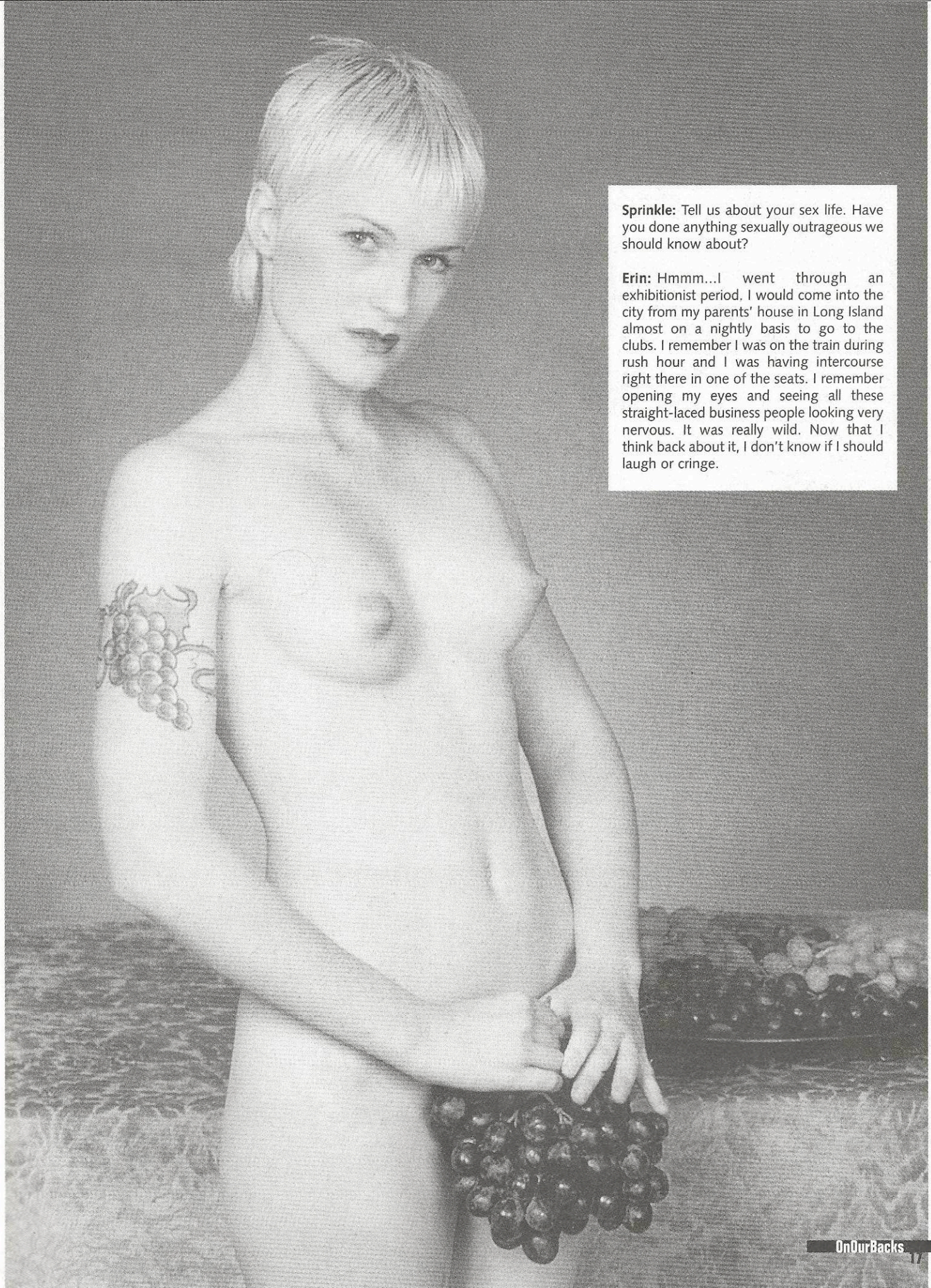
Erin: Grapes are the most sensuous fruit. Feeding a lover grapes is a very wonderful thing to do. Plus, I love that scene in *Caligula*, in which a bevy of beautiful women feed Malcolm McDowell grapes. I love that scene. I knew when I was 12 years old that if I ever got a tattoo, it would be of a bunch of grapes. I like when people lick my grape tattoo.

Sprinkle: Did you ever stick grapes in your pussy?

Erin: No. I did try some small carrots. Grapes seem a little small for that.

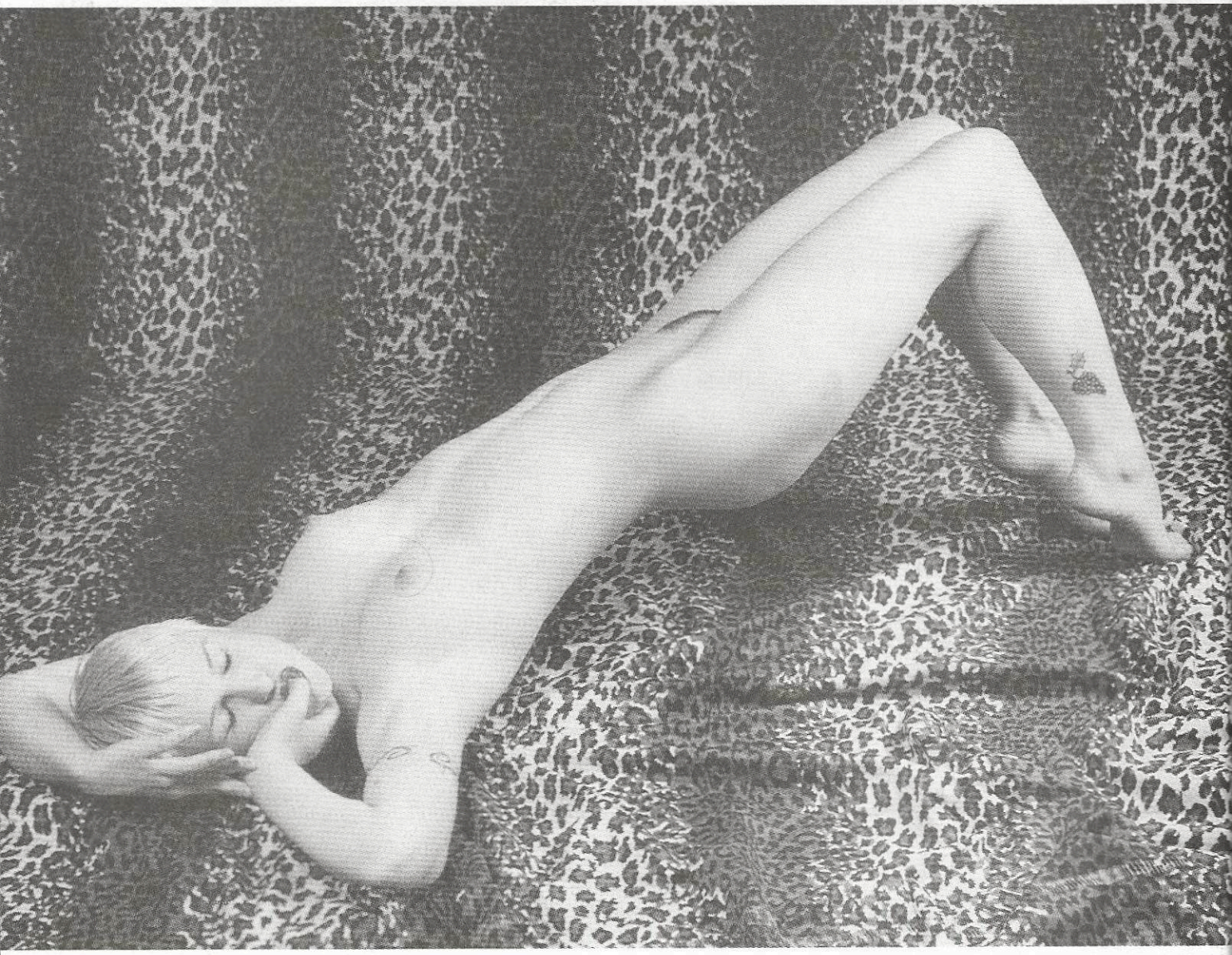
Sprinkle: If you ever become a stripper, that would be a gimmick for you.

Erin: Yeah. Definitely.



Sprinkle: Tell us about your sex life. Have you done anything sexually outrageous we should know about?

Erin: Hmmm...I went through an exhibitionist period. I would come into the city from my parents' house in Long Island almost on a nightly basis to go to the clubs. I remember I was on the train during rush hour and I was having intercourse right there in one of the seats. I remember opening my eyes and seeing all these straight-laced business people looking very nervous. It was really wild. Now that I think back about it, I don't know if I should laugh or cringe.



Sprinkle: You work as a waitress?

Erin: Yeah. I dish out so much verbal abuse to the customers that I figure I might as well become a dominatrix instead. I'm exploring the possibility now.

Sprinkle: Do you have any particular sexual skills?

Erin: I respond really well; if someone is doing something pleasurable to me, I let them know it, and that makes my lovers really happy. I enjoy everything. I love anal sex. I recently got into fisting, which I didn't think was possible, but I love it. It's incredible.

I also really love modeling. I had a long-distance relationship for a while. I was trying to be faithful, and it got very frustrating. I had all this sexual energy and didn't know what to do with it. So I did some modeling.

One of the photos ended up in *Hustler* magazine. So I figured I'd better tell my parents about it. And my mom actually loved the photo. She went out and bought a bunch of copies of the magazine. She was really relieved that they weren't those garish type of spread shots.

Sprinkle: I hope she likes these photos, too.

Erin: I think she will.

Sprinkle: Anything you want to say to the readers?

Erin: Well, I really had a great time doing these photos. I hope they like them as much as I do.

Sprinkle: Why did you not want to show pink?

Erin: It seems to cross a line of being lewd. I've never been a fan of photos like that. Leave something to the imagination.

Sprinkle: Can you describe your pussy to us?

Erin: *Well*, it's very, very pink, like my nipples. I keep it very neat and trim. It ejaculates when it gets really excited. It has a very small clit, but when it comes out from that clit hood, it really enjoys itself. I love the way it works. It's a really, really beautiful, magnificent pussy. And it gets as juicy as a grape.

DiMassa: I'd have to say yeah. I definitely used to be more outwardly violent. Now, if I'm hungry and in a crowded place, I can get violent.

On Our Backs: Do you yell back at men in the streets?

DiMassa: If it's a car driving by and they yell at my girlfriend, I'll yell back. If they yell at me, I won't. If they yell at me and they're on the street, I walk up to them real slowly, and make really severe eye contact. I ask them very quietly what they said, and if they're having a problem. They usually start sputtering and run away. It's a Robert De Niro thing: "You talkin' to me?"

On Our Backs: Have you ever got into a fight?

DiMassa: I haven't gotten into a physical fight in a long time. I did hit a kid's car recently with my fist. But I don't want to give a false impression; I'm not such a tough guy. I usually walk around looking at the ground. But every once in a while I need to do it—to preserve my self-esteem or something.

On Our Backs: Have you ever done anything illegal?

DiMassa: No, not now. I used to get arrested before I got clean and sober.

On Our Backs: What kinds of charges?

DiMassa: Drunk and disorderly, robbery, larceny, shoplifting—stuff like that.

On Our Backs: What kind of robbery?

DiMassa: I robbed an apartment building once.

On Our Backs: Do you own a gun?

DiMassa: No. I had a pocket-sized Derringer, but when I got sober I threw it down the gutter.

On Our Backs: Did you ever shoot anyone with it?

DiMassa: No. I was more in danger of shooting myself.

On Our Backs: Have you done anything sexually outrageous that we should know about?

DiMassa: I guess having sex with a man would be outrageous for me, but I haven't done that in years. The most outrageous thing I do is jerk off when I drive, and that's pretty tame.

On Our Backs: Do you have violent sexual fantasies?

DiMassa: That's a very personal question. Do you?

On Our Backs: Well, yes. I have really violent, disgusting fantasies.

DiMassa: Well, let me ask you this: Have you ever fantasized about doing it with a German shepherd?

On Our Backs: Having sex with a dog?

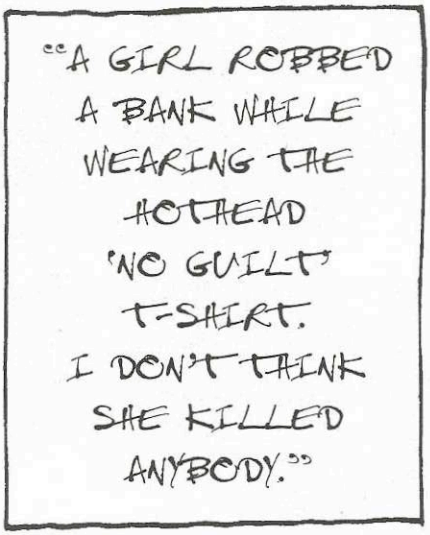
DiMassa: Or would you admit to it?

On Our Backs: I can't remember that specifically—but, yeah, probably. And grosser things. I think about raping men sometimes.

DiMassa: I don't fantasize about raping men. I used to. I think all people fantasize about stuff they wouldn't own up to.

On Our Backs: What about Hothead?

DiMassa: Every thought in her head is violent. She and Daphne have SM sex. But that's consensual.



On Our Backs: You started *Hothead* as part of your effort to be clean and sober. How has it worked?

DiMassa: Initially, *Hothead* was just very therapeutic. I never had any intention of publishing my stuff—that was all my partner's doing, Stacy Sheehan. When I started I was two years clean and sober. Now I have 13 years. Hothead is basically a cartoon character who acted like I did when I was drunk. The other layer is the issues she deals with—they're very real. I think I've learned a great deal about anger.

On Our Backs: Like what?

DiMassa: I learned how not to self-destruct from my emotions, which is a very important thing. You constantly hear about people "channeling" their emotions. I always thought that was bullshit. Finally I realized, I can go out and pick fights with people who can hurt me. Or, I can use the things that make me angry as fuel—for creative projects, for whatever it is that you do.

On Our Backs: Are you Buddhist?

DiMassa: No. I have a higher power I call Wise Guy—I think it's good to have a sense of humor about everything. I meditate every morning, five to ten minutes. And I pray too, but not within a structure. You know, I could never be a Buddhist because they have the ability to turn the other cheek, to say "they're doing the best they can, we're all God's children," etc.

On Our Backs: And you can't?

DiMassa: No, not at the core of me, no. Some people really can do that, but not me.

On Our Backs: Are you attracted to the sweet, silent type, the aggressive type, or something else?

DiMassa: Smart. After that, it doesn't really matter.

On Our Backs: Have you been targeted by conservative groups?

DiMassa: Not that I know of. I'm sure the FBI has me on a list—anytime you're using the word "terrorist," that's got to happen. I've been audited twice—and not because I'm making lots of money. One time I did an interview with the Associated Press that got picked up by a bunch of small papers, and I got the most hateful letters ever. I got a postcard of Hothead, and the woman who sent it had actually whited out the rifle and drawn a Bible in its place. One guy wrote a postcard, every word misspelled, challenging me to come to Seattle and cut his dick off. Someone wrote in and said I was nothing but a drug addict.

On Our Backs: Has anyone ever accused Hothead of being femme-phobic?

DiMassa: Bi-phobic, not femme-phobic. Hmm. Well, she does go on in that one strip about high heels, how they were invented so women couldn't get away. I drew that before the whole lipstick lesbian revolution, and all the subversion of that type of clothing.

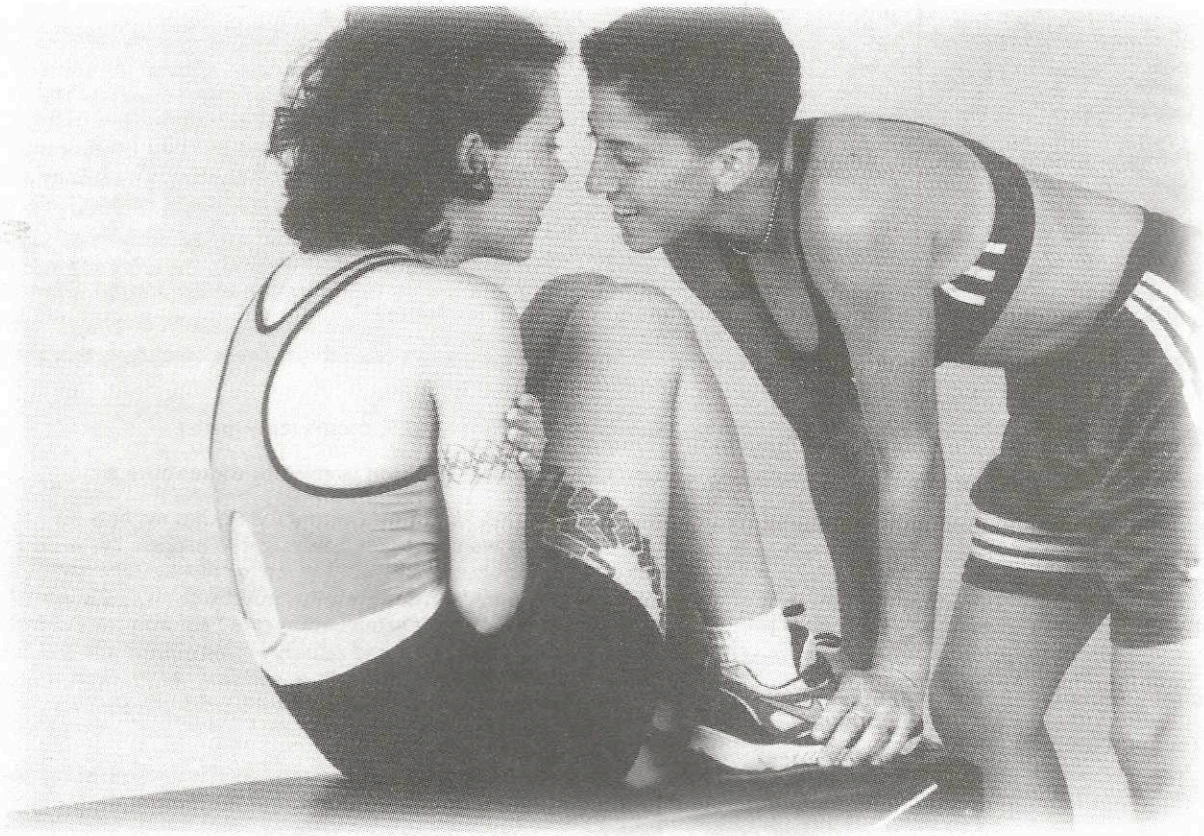
Of course, we're subverting it, but then that symbol goes right back into the world. And it means the original thing to a lot of people.

It's like the woman on the mudflaps. Suddenly, all these butch girls are putting them on their trucks. But plenty of people see those mudflap girls and don't get it.

HOT, SWEATY GYM SEX

A girljock seduces her personal trainer

TRISTAN AND TERESA



"I have never been athletic, and high school gym class was totally traumatic for me," says Tristan. "I avoided joining a gym because I was intimidated by the scene. I don't know how to use the equipment, and I really needed someone to show me the ropes. So I decided to get a personal trainer. My fag friends in Chelsea recommended Teresa, who they called 'the only dyke trainer we know who really gets results.'" "When she called, she told me about her gym-phobia," says Teresa. "I wanted to create a one-on-one environment where Tristan could feel comfortable and get personal attention."

Teresa arranged for the two of them to meet at a private gym in Brooklyn. "When Tristan arrived in her little wrestling outfit, I couldn't believe it was her first time at a gym. I tried to keep my mind on the workout, but I knew it would be nearly impossible to keep my hands off her."

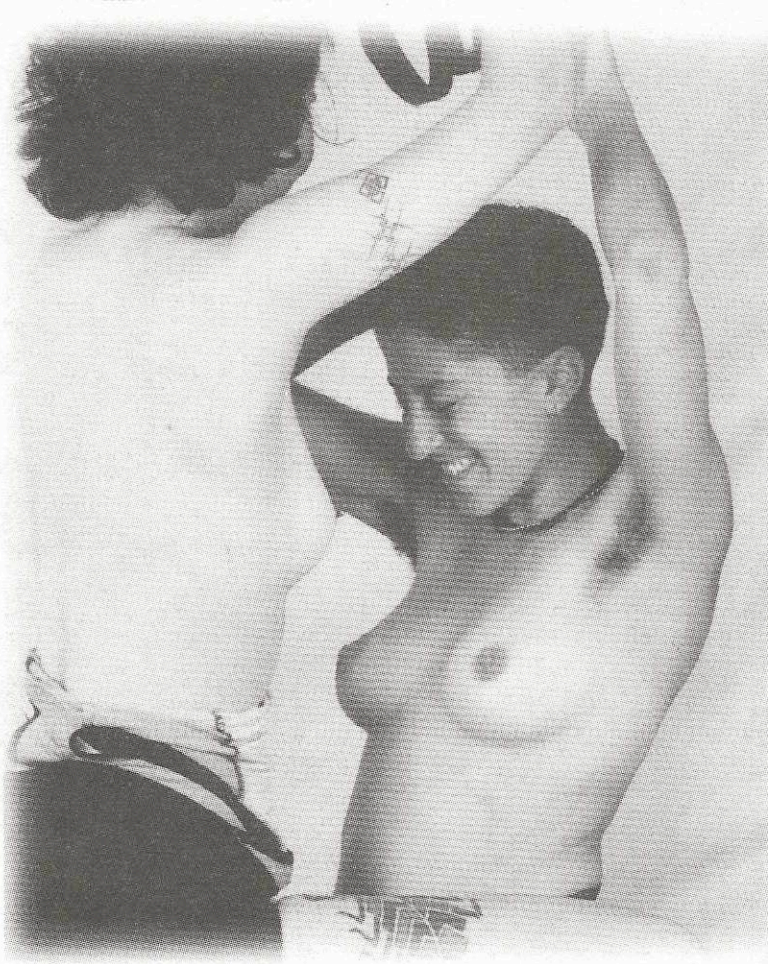
Tristan continues: "I was attracted to her immediately—she's so sexy and tough. I loved the way all her attention was focused on me, the way she handled my body when she was showing me how to do something. I flirted with her like crazy, but she was totally professional."

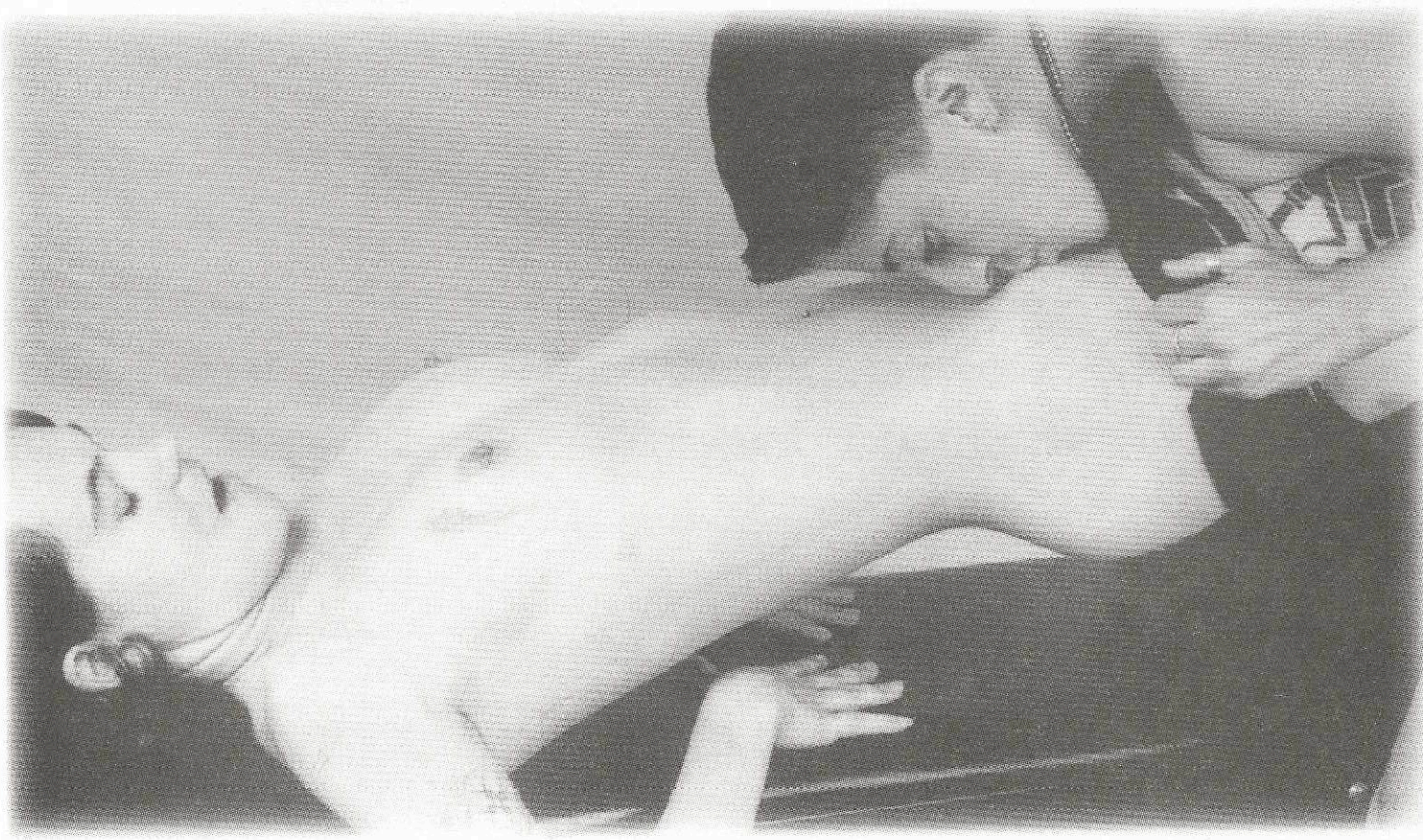
The twosome kept things purely platonic for almost a month, then Tristan couldn't take it any longer. "I got so turned on during a session one day. She leaned over me, and I smelled her—it was a clean, soapy-but-sweaty, boy's-locker-room kind of smell. I wanted her to kiss me, and finally she did."

"During sit-ups, Tristan's face was inches from mine, not to mention her cleavage. She begged to be kissed. I peeled off her clothes and climbed on top of her," says Teresa.

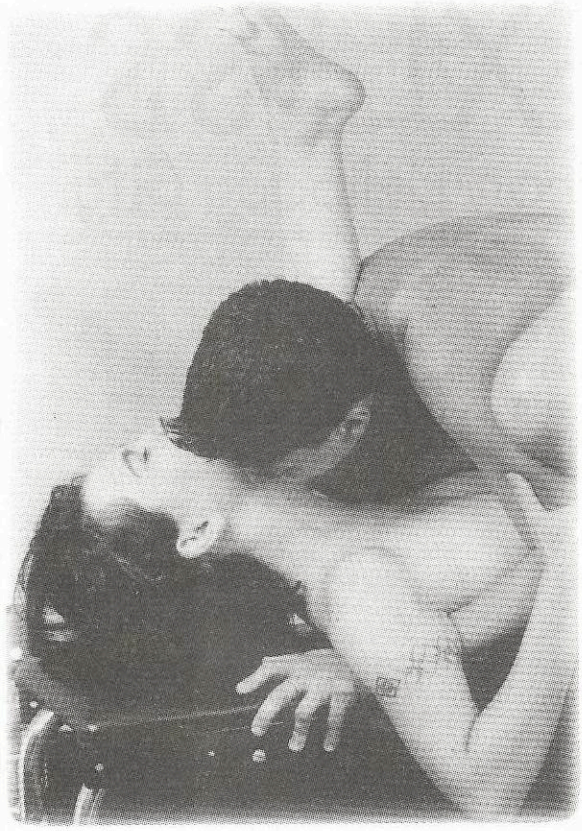
Tristan couldn't wait to see Teresa's muscular body out of her gym clothes: "When I got her shorts off, she was wearing men's boxers and a jock strap. It was all over for me then. She looked just like a fag porn star, and I was hoping she'd act like one. The sex was so hot, I can't wait to work out again!"

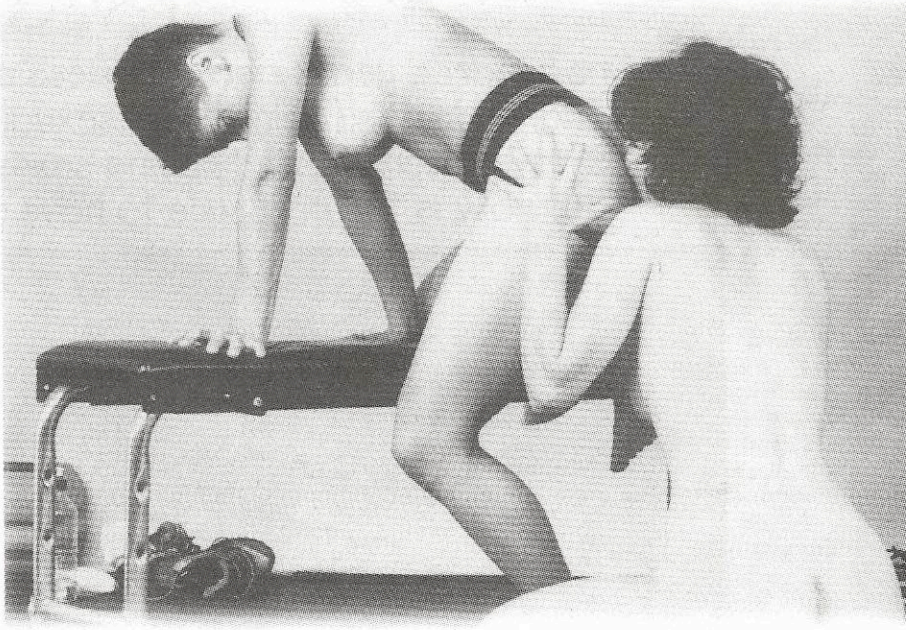
Photography by Michele Serchuk

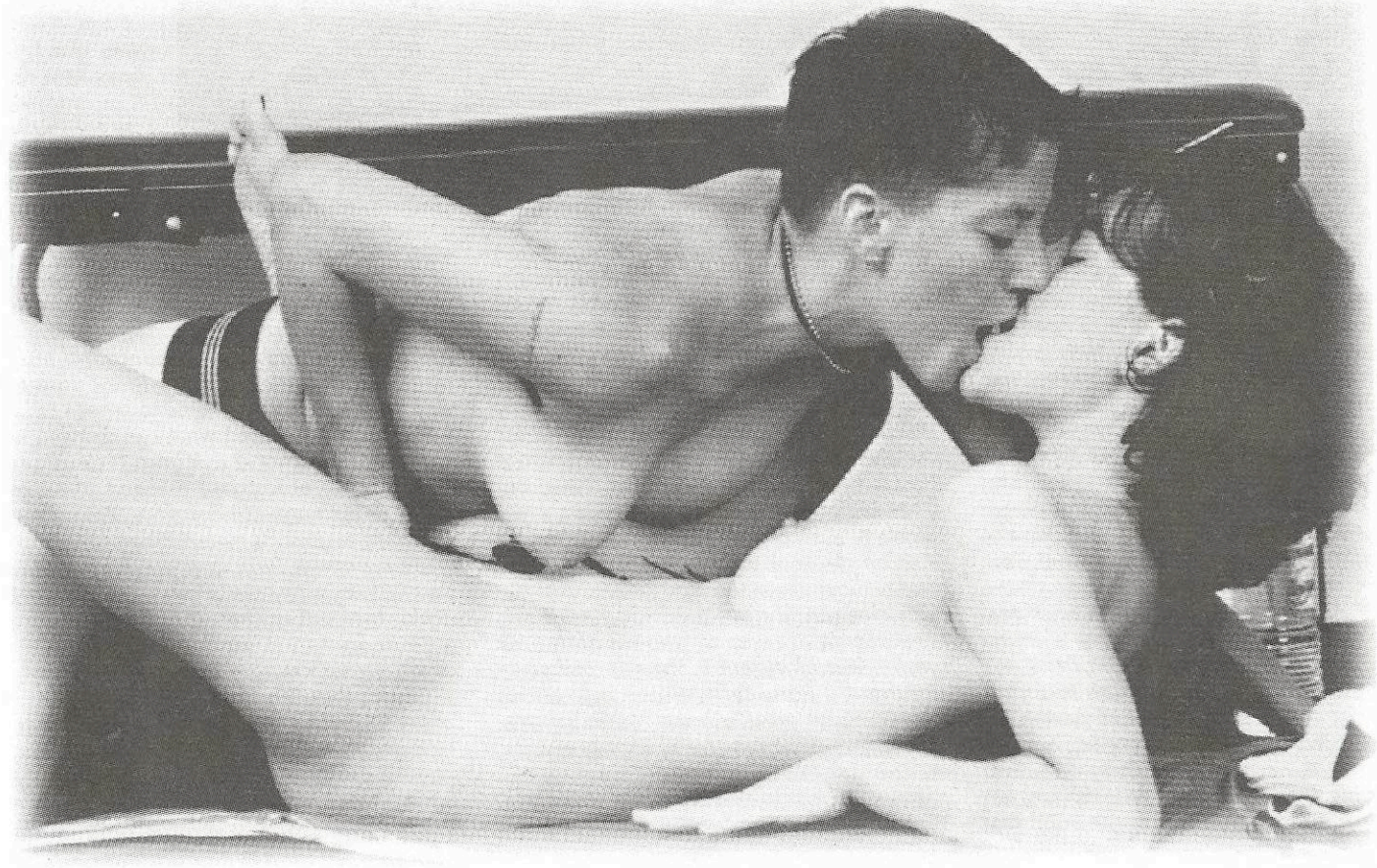




OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN







KNOCKED SEXLESS

Kathleen Hildenbrand reports from Celibacy City.

One hundred years ago, a sexless state was exalted. Today, thanks to the feminist and sexual revolution, the cultural norms have reversed, and having sex is powerful and good. But now, is the pressure to have sex just as bad?

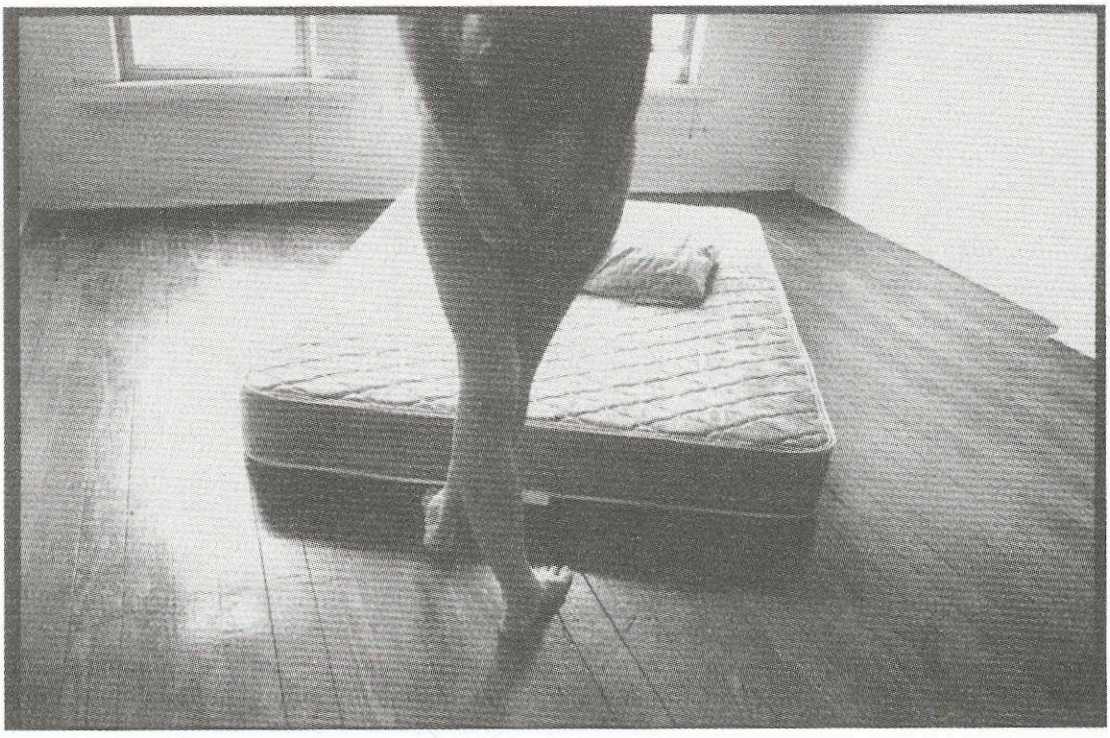


PHOTO BY LEE ANN McGUIRE

I'm going to come out: I haven't had sex in over a year. The worst thing about my dry spell isn't the physical frustration or emotional loneliness, although they do figure. What's worst is the stigma—the feeling that I have a shameful secret that makes me somehow less worthy, less desirable. I decided to go public, however, because my gut told me there were others out there in the same condition. Plus, I'm tired of the pressure to have sex. Pointing out that plenty of people don't have sex is like pointing out that the emperor has no clothes. It's obvious, yet it still takes courage to stand up to the overwhelming cultural consensus that you must be having sex or something is wrong with you.

Almost one third of the lesbians in a 1987 survey by JoAnn Loulan reported having sex once or less in a typical month. And 78 percent said they had been totally celibate at one time. Lesbians with partners are not immune: despite the lingering suspicion that "lesbian bed death" is a bad joke foisted on our community, studies done by Dr. Pepper Schwartz have shown that lesbian couples do have less sex on average than gay male and heterosexual couples.

Yet despite being the daily experience of countless numbers of lesbians, sexual inactivity is still considered a problem best reserved for the therapist's couch, and more often than not, is experienced as a personal failing. But what if not having sex is not necessarily a problem, but a normal part of our life cycles? It's time to rethink the way we look at sex, and question our dependence on it.

One person who has been doing just that is Annie Sprinkle, a woman who has been a sex worker and prominent in the sex community for over 25 years. "People have expectations for me to be sexually active," says Sprinkle. But Sprinkle has been "pretty happily celibate, almost" for 15 months now.

"I was so, so sex-positive to the *n*th degree, that it was unrealistic," says Sprinkle. "As I got older and wiser, I realized that just as there are wonderful aspects to sex, there are also difficulties. I respect sex, I love sex, I utilize its healing powers, so when I stopped having partnered sex, I was very concerned. But after some time, I started appreciating the positive aspects. It's like coming home to oneself."

She further described what has changed in her sex life: "I'm not as interested in casual sex anymore. My needs have changed. Plus I've sensed a big hormonal change as I'm getting older. My sexuality is more full-bodied. My clit is not my driving force anymore, it's more my heart and in my whole being. Of course, that could change at any minute."

Desire waxes and wanes, a fact that is often lost in our sex-crazed culture. Dr. Beth Brown, a physician in San Francisco, says that it is perfectly normal to go through phases with little or no sex drive, and that she knows of no physical drawbacks to not having sex.

Yet women not having sex feel out of place in our culture, which is seemingly ruled by it.

Sex has become our religion, our currency, and has infused our political system. The sex industry brings in anywhere from five to eight billion dollars a year. And sex's profitability goes far beyond pornography: it's a favorite staple of advertisers, used to sell us everything from cars to magazines. Encouraging our personal insecurity and our fixation on sexual desirability is great for the economy—America has taken the sexual revolution and profited off of it.

"The hypersexuality of culture leads to people thinking they are more sexual than they really are," writes John Gagnon and William Simon in *Sexual Conduct.* "And they feel they should live up to a false picture of sexuality that has been created as a standard." Gagnon and Simon go on to suggest that sex has become a catch-all for our personal problems and hang-ups. "Since sex is often used to relieve frustration that has occurred in another domain, it is not surprising that many [people] come to view all kinds of frustration as sexual. They conceptualize their unhappiness in sexual terms."

And in some ways, this strategy succeeds. Sex is a welcome distraction in a society that can feel more out of control by the second. When you're thinking about sex, you're not thinking about global warming or your low-paying job. We look to sex, desperately, as the ultimate quick-fix for loneliness, boredom, and dissatisfaction.

The lesbian community shares our national obsession with sex, but with a twist: for us, sex has always been tied up with politics. Freedom of sexual expression has been a major part of women's liberation. But how much of our remaining focus on sex is healthy? Sex activists would argue that the lesbian emphasis on sex is a reclaiming of our sexuality, control, and power. But one could also argue that our focus on sex, rather than being a symptom of liberation, is a sign that we still feel powerless in other realms. The lesbian community's focus on sex may mean that there's not much else we can afford, no other realms in which we feel heard, and not much else we feel like fighting for.

Another undesirable side effect of the sexual revolution has been the polarization it created: suddenly, it's the people who *aren't* having sex that have something wrong with them. "The Victorian nice man or woman was guilty if he or she did experience sex," writes Dr. Rollo May. "Now we feel guilty if we don't."

Arlene Stein, author of *Sex and Sensibility: Stories of a Lesbian Generation,* says "It's a very important development that lesbians started talking about sex openly in the 1980s. But this emphasis on the importance of sex left some people out, those with less of a desire to make sex a central part of their identities. The sex positive movement has made a valuable contribution, but we need to honor the variety in the lesbian community, and not set up one model of what being sexual is."

After all our sexual liberation and "sex wars," daring to question our cultural or personal emphasis on sex feels like mutiny. It's hard to even imagine a way of doing so that doesn't seem puritanical or repressive. As Sprinkle puts it, "There's a fine line between repression and taking a rest." It seems we're still stuck in a dichotomy, where previously "bad" behaviors are now "good," and vice versa.

> "Our focus on sex may mean there's not much else we feel like fighting for."

As is, our culture offers the unspoken dictum that lesbians who don't have sex are not "real" lesbians. "Not having a sexual relationship makes it hard for me to feel 'truly' a lesbian," says Therese Shellabarger, 41, who hasn't had sex for about 10 years. "I feel like I'm a fraud or something, and guilty of claiming to be something I'm not." Brady agrees, " I think maybe the pressure [to be partnered] is worse for gay people. Having a partner validates your sexuality, making it more real." Heterosexuals don't question their membership in a cultural group based on their level of sexual activity, yet for lesbians sex has become a concrete manifestation of lesbian identity.

Even for lesbians safely ensconced in relationships, experiencing a drop in sexual activity is not unusual. While most studies have evaluated the sex lives of straight married couples, those that do include gay relationships find that lesbian couples seem to trail others in frequency of sex. Schwartz examined sex rates in straight, gay male, and lesbian relationships, and found that lesbians had the least amount of sex overall. JoAnn Loulan's own findings corroborate this. Her surveys have found that by the second year in a lesbian relationship, the frequency of sex drops an average of 50 percent compared to the first year, and by the third year, the frequency has dropped 75 percent.

"Women get their intimacy needs met in other ways," explains Loulan. "whether it's cuddling, dancing, or watching TV together. Our sexual needs get met in ways outside of orgasmic genital activity."

Going sex-free isn't necessarily all bad—or always an accident. Sprinkle agrees, and says she is disturbed by the label "bed death," saying that it gives a negative cast to something that is not necessarily bad. "You can be in a very deep, loving relationship and not be having sex," she says. "You can be so intimate on a daily basis, that there's little need for sex."

Other women report similar positive side effects to sexless periods. "I stopped being lonely when I stopped dating," says Brady. A period of sexual inactivity can also allow time to heal from a painful relationship, to build one's self-esteem, or just to have a break. "I have more self-preservation skills now than a couple years ago, when I was attached," says Roberts. "I'm less dependent on other people to make me feel good." Noted sex researchers Shere Hite and Bernard Zilbergeld note that celibacy can be "a comforting antidote to traumatic divorce, random sex, and the pressure to 'score.'"

Openly celebrating our sexuality is a powerful act in our country. But now we need to move a step further and reclaim all parts of our sexual spectrum, sexlessness included. What would our culture look like if we were not so threatened by not having sex? We've fought for our right to have sex, now let's stand up for our right not to have sex as well. As Sprinkle says, "I think it's important to honor whatever phase we're in. Celibacy can be an important time in women's lives. It's a time of integration, a time to digest experiences, an intermission from drama and passion."

We might be well off heeding the words of sex theorists who suggest that not having sex, rather than being pathological, is actually an integral and natural part of the sexual spectrum. Dr. Gabrielle Brown writes, "Just as silence is the basis for sound, celibacy is the basis for sex."

So I've achieved a state of pride about my sexless state. I'm a very different person now than I was a year ago when I stopped having sex, fresh out of a painful relationship and with no idea of how to have a sexual relationship while retaining a functioning brain. When I do have sex again, it will be an expression of choice and strength, rather than of insecurity and escape. In the meantime, I take comfort in the wise words of Cher: *You may have lovers/wherever you roam/but sooner or later/we all sleep alone.*

CHIP GETS

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

A BUM RUSH by Kate Sorensen

I hate it when lesbians wear baseball caps backwards. Frat boys wear baseball caps backwards. Wearing a baseball cap says, "I need a haircut."

If your hair is not behaving, don't point to it with a baseball cap. Be proud of your big hair or get it cut. Now, some people might think this harsh. But I think people are just promoting the myth that looking like a frat boy is cute. Frat boys are generally gross bigots with big stupid egos and bad haircuts.

My lover walked into my house one day wearing a baseball cap, backwards. I started calling her Chip, my frat boy. We set up a scene. We met in a frat bar. Chip swaggered over to me with his rutting strap-on, belched Dos Equis in my face, and tried to pick me up. I took him home and let him grunt on top of me until he came and fell asleep.

After she moved across the country, I sent her this letter.

Hey Chip,

Dude, I miss you, bro. You were the best part of Penn, really. I'm glad we're out, but I do miss the brothers at the house. We had some crazy times at Cap Cappa didn't we? Remember when we snuck Sylvia up to our room and we both fucked her? What tits—enough for both of us. You were so excellent for settin' that up. I gotta say, you were the best roommate that I had at Cappa. But you know, I gotta tell you something. I wasn't going to tell you, but you're like my brother, so I feel like I need to.

Remember a couple of months ago when we tried all night to pick up chicks at Walsh's? And you threw up all over the toilet? We were soooo wasted! We barely got home. And when we got home we couldn't get our pants off and we passed out kinda halfway on the bed. I didn't pass out. I couldn't sleep. I was so horny from tryin' to score chicks. And you were snorin' so loud dude! So I started to mess with you in your sleep, I started rubbing your ass, and you stopped snoring. You were still asleep but you were mumbling. You mumbled your girlfriend's name and I thought that was noble. I thought, I wonder what does Jez do to Chip's ass to make him groan like this? I stroked your balls. Then I played with the hair on your thighs. You were whimpering, man. So I pushed my fingers along your butt crack. I was dying to know what you were dreaming. I licked your asshole. I carefully stuck my tongue into your asshole. I was so afraid that you would wake up and find me there. You would have kicked my ass until I was dead. But you didn't wake up. You just kept whimpering and groaning in your sleep. I fucked your dream for what seemed like hours. I had the biggest woody of my life just imagining what was going on in your head. Finally, I had to roll over on my stomach and beat off. I guess I was goin' at it too hard because you woke up. So I pretended to be asleep but I was still watching you. When you sat up on the edge of the bed, man, your dick stood straight to the sky. You looked at me sleeping, and came over, and pulled down my boxers real slow. And you fucked me with that rocket. I don't know how I did it, but I pretended that I was asleep the whole time. I didn't make a sound. You grunted into my ass until you shot your wad, then you passed out again.

You thought you raped me faggot but I wanted it.

I love you,
Deke

A Very

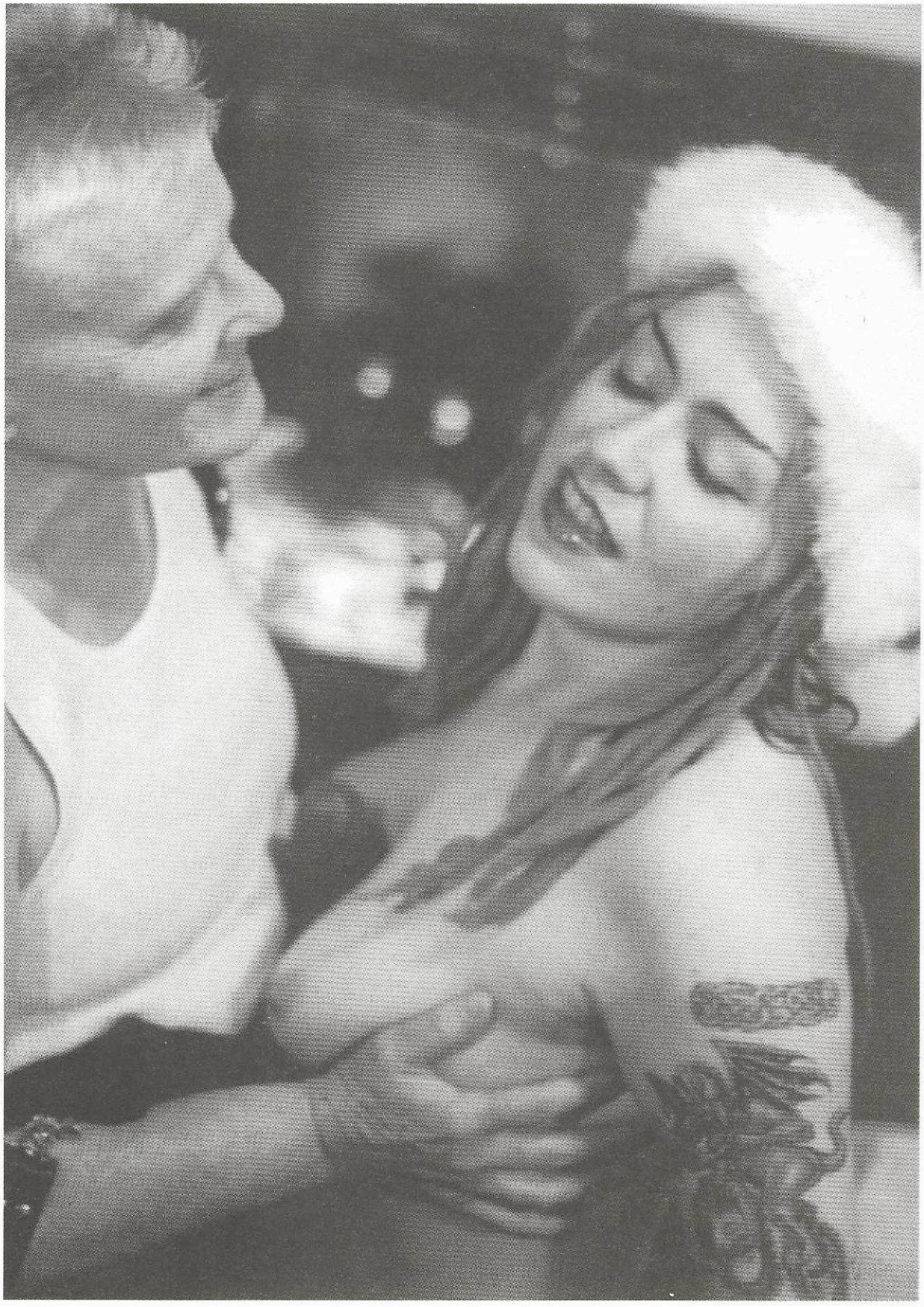
Sexy XXX-Mas

I saw Kiki kissing
Santa Claus beneath
the mistletoe last night.
She crept downstairs
to peek; Santa looked
up with a wink.
Soon Santa had
that girlfoy in her lap,
about to peak.

Then I saw Kiki
fucking Santa Claus
underneath the tree
adorned with lights.
Oh what a package
Kiki'd been for Santa's
horny grin.
Kiki gave that
Santa some last night!

–L.S.

Photography by Ricky Lee



On Our Backs would like to thank **Vixen Creations** for the sexy dildos on these six pages. We also extend our thanks to **Good Vibrations** for providing a gigantic bottle of lube. A jingle, jingle also to **Romantasy** for providing the stunning black corset worn by Kiki. Cheers, ladies.

Illustration by Craig Poindexter

Convoy

BY SALLY ANN CAVENOUGH

I'm sitting in my truck on the overpass with my legs spread and my hand inside my Levi's. My fingers are parting my lips and battering my clit like an ambitious lover. It's my sixth time on the overpass this month.

My ex-girlfriend drove an 18-wheeler. Everyone called her Bert. I don't know if it was short for Bertha or Roberta or what. All I know is she drove an 18-wheeler and she brought me to this shithole town in the middle of the Nevada desert and dumped me. Winnemucca, Nevada: population 6,000; lesbians: four (if you count my male neighbor who tells me he "feels like a lesbian").

After Bert left I started parking on the overpass, watching the semi trucks pass underneath me. I'd close my eyes and put my hand on my nipple, flicking it gently as I heard the first truck pass.

Brrr-bumm. Brrr-bumm. Brrr-bumm.

Then I'd move my other hand in. In and out of my mouth, over my breast, between my thighs.

Brrr-bumm.

Semi trucks make a special sound as they cruise along the interstate. Brrr-bumm. Brrr-bumm. It's the sound of the truck caressing the folds in the road. Each time I close my eyes and hear that brrr-bumm, I want to caress a fold in my own body. So I masturbate.

The first time I masturbated, I was watching the trucker movie *Convoy* on television. I was sitting alone on the couch in the downstairs family room. The house was empty. More and more trucks kept coming on screen and Kris Kristofferson kept driving along: stoic, steely, silent. I closed my eyes and listened to the brrr-bumm, brrr-bumm of the trucks. I moved my hand inside my training bra and touched my nipple. First tentatively, with just one finger, in case I got caught. Then I'd wrap my full hand around it, moving my fingers back and forth over my now hard nipple.

After I was aware of nothing else but the blood rushing to my crotch, I moved one hand down to my cunt, parting my lips and moving my fingers across my clit. Every few minutes I stopped to shove my fingers deep inside my cunt and pull them out, rubbing the juices on my sweaty thighs. The other hand thrashed about across my body; teasing my nipples, my belly button, my fleshy thighs. Then I'd throw my face into my underarm—dark, damp, musty—and bite down as I came.

Brrr-bumm. Brrr-bumm.

It wasn't Kris Kristofferson that got me hot. It was the feel, the look, the *sound* of the trucks that got me hot. It was the cacophony of the trucks pummeling down the highway that got me excited. So I started masturbating and I've never gotten the brrr-bumm out of my mind.

The first time I fucked Bert, we were in the too-tiny cab of her 18-wheeler. The engine was roaring ("You never turn off fine machinery," Bert told me) and heat was rising up from beneath me. Was it the engine or our passionate union that heated me so? I never knew, but I was roasting. Sweat was beading up on my brow, my breasts, my cunt. Bert was on top of me, straddling me. She made me keep my legs tight against each other, so every push of her strap-on had to move through my fat thighs to get inside me. With my legs closed like that, my cunt was tight, and as her dildo moved in and out of me, I struggled to keep my limbs together. When I came, I filled the air with a deep guttural growl, and I tossed my head violently back into the side of the cab.

My first girlfriend knew about *Convoy*. She would sing lines from the theme song as she moved her fist in and out of my cunt. "This here's Rubber Ducky," she'd sing in a deep voice. "We got ourselves a convoy."

In and out, in and out of my cunt.

So now I fuck myself. It's inevitable. I can't stop.

I came to Winnemucca, trucker heaven, with Bert. "The best runs in the West," she told me. I got a secretarial job at Nays Trucking. Everybody knows I came here to be with my girlfriend, and she left me for someone younger, cuter, firmer, and, I'm sure, better in bed.

So now I can't stop parking on top of the overpass, listening to the brrr-bumm, brrr-bumm with my hand moving in and out of my cunt. Sometimes I'm rougher, aggressive. Sometimes I'm softer, lazier. It's been six years since I've been with a woman.

Well, okay, it's been five years, but I hardly think one night with my boss's wife counts.

My best friend Janie is a lounge lizard. That's what they call the women who hang out at the truck stops like Flying J, waiting to score with a trucker. A lot of people think she's a hooker because she hangs out there. She's not a hooker, she just has a jones for truckers. Maybe I'd feel better if I had a thing for truckers, but I've only met one female trucker in my life—Bert—and I definitely know I don't have a thing for men of any occupation. Janie thinks I should give up this "thing" for women, find a simple trucker man, and settle down in Winnemucca in a nice double-wide.

"Bert was on top of me, straddling me. She made me keep my legs tight against each other, so every push of her strap-on had to move through my fat thighs to get inside me."

But, I don't want a man. I want to sit on the overpass and masturbate.

I've got my legs spread and my hand inside my jeans again. One hand is moving in and out of my cunt. The other is rubbing my breasts. I close my eyes and listen to the highway. I'm waiting for the brrr-bumm.

There it comes. Brrr-bumm, brrr-bumm. Whirrrahh.

I jolt back to consciousness, my eyes wide open and fixed on the beast that had made that unusual sound. Whirrrahh. I've never heard that sound before.

It's a huge 18-wheeler with a vibrant purple cab that had just passed under the overpass and switched into the right lane. It's getting off, I thought to myself. I knew the truck would end up at Flying J. I had to see the owner of this truck; had to see if it could be a woman. I mean, purple. What kind of guy drives a purple truck?

continued on page 42

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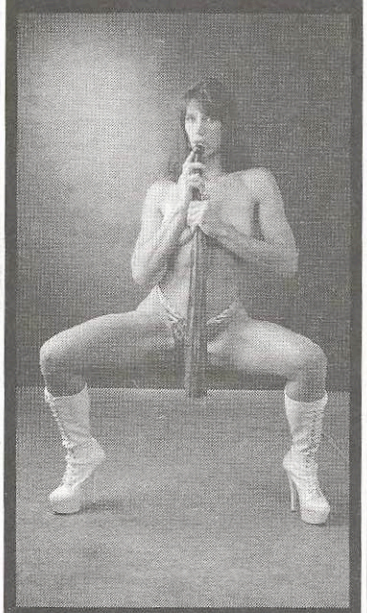

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"I'm the longest-married woman in my family. I guess it was serious when we put them rings on. I put one in her left nipple and she put one in my pussy and ever since then we felt like we owned a piece of each other."
Dorothy Allison in Curve

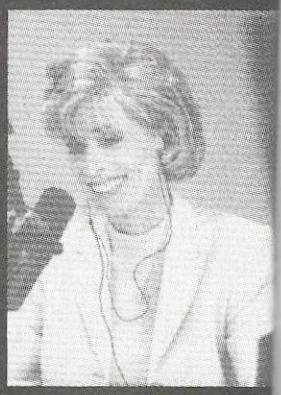
"There are not and there cannot be couples, and consequently families, that are real and proper outside the marriage between a man and a woman."
editorial in Italy's largest Roman Catholic magazine, **Famiglia Cristiana**

"If Viagra works in women, how will researchers know?"
New York Times headline

"I don't think, within certain conditions, that there's anything morally objectionable with choosing a child's sexual orientation."
lawyer and ethicist Aaron Greenberg, supporting the right to abort a gay fetus at the Gay and Lesbian Medical Symposium

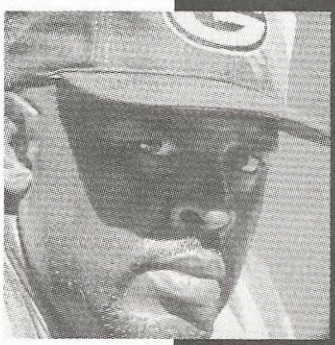
"I have five kids from three marriages. I come from a trailer park. My sister and brother are both gay. I have multiple personalities, and the *National Enquirer* reunited me with my daughter."
Roseanne, on her talk-show host qualifications

"[Feminists] nauseate and sicken me. They've destroyed the family. They've destroyed the sanctity of motherhood."
Dr. Laura Schlessinger, talk radio host



"Some straight people have a peculiar need to believe that certain sex acts, usually disgusting ones, are practiced only by gay men, despite evidence to the contrary. This curious impulse...extends to sex acts straight people themselves are the primary practitioners of. Child rape, for instance."
Dan Savage, syndicated advice columnist

"There's a conspiracy of quietness that comes from the NFL. Don't tell me they don't know that gay men are active in the NFL."
David Kopay, ex-Green Bay Packer and the only openly gay former NFL player



"He [Reggie White] was speaking as an individual. We don't have any views on [his remarks.]"
Greg Aiello, NFL vice president of public relations

"If we didn't love homosexuals, we wouldn't be taking these ads out...if we didn't honestly believe there's a better way to live."
Robert Regier of the Family Research Council, in **The Advocate**

"Big-budget Hollywood romantic comedies are the genre I loathe. I try not to ruin it, but I start squirming and fuming and I can feel all the people around me loving it and I almost have to be taken away on a stretcher."
John Waters in Details

"The neighbors' curiosity is a tribute; encourage it. Secrecy is a sin."
Quentin Crisp

"There is no Girl Power! There is only God Power!"
protester at a Spice Girls concert in San Francisco

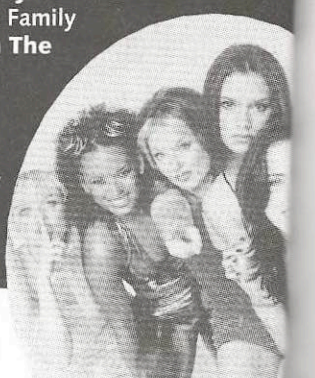


PHOTO OF DOROTHY ALLISON BY JILL POSNER / ROSEANNE BY EDIE BASLEIN, ONYX / DR. LAUREN SCHLESSINGER BY FIROOZ ZALEDI / SPICE GIRLS BY ALEX BAILEY

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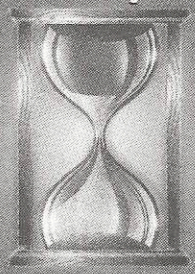

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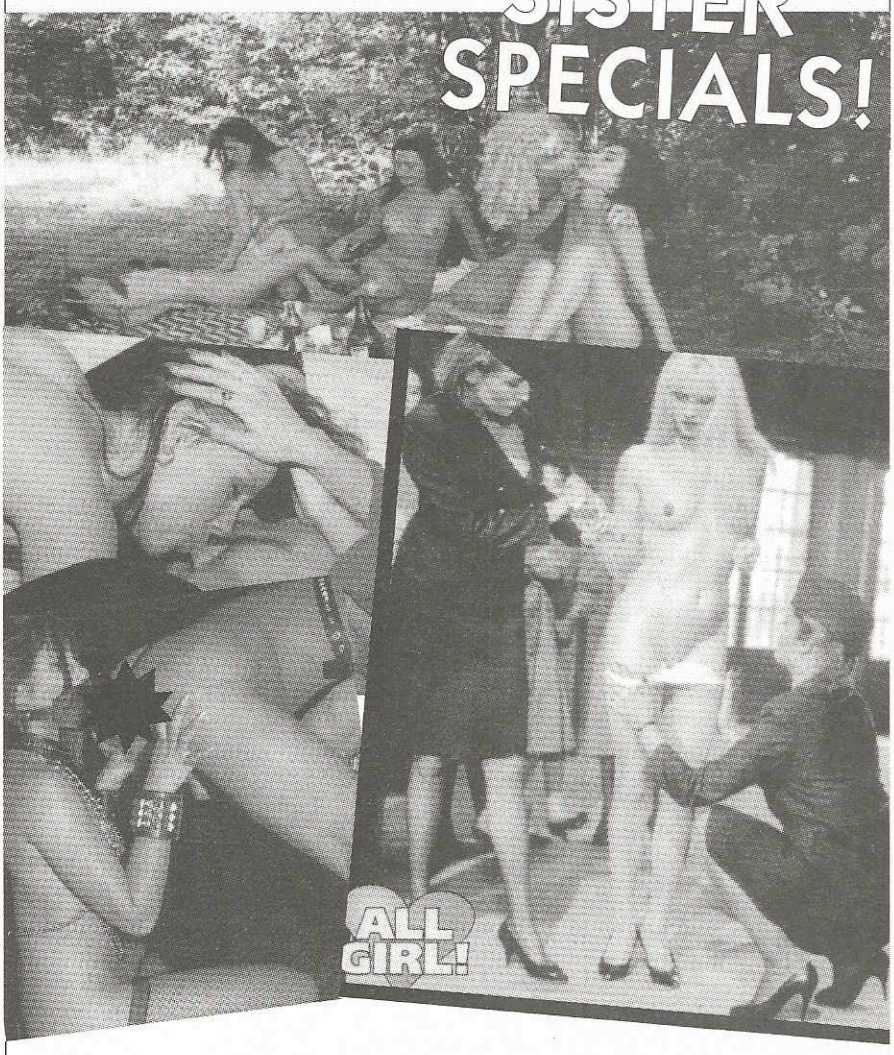

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continued from page 39 **"CONVOY"**

I rev up the engine and speed to Flying J. I pull up alongside the purple truck, but the cab is empty and both doors are locked. A bunch of drivers are milling around the gas pumps, but no one's near the purple truck. A driver is heading into the store.

I follow the driver into the truck stop, still trying to figure out if he is the driver and if he is a man or a woman. I glance around the restaurant. No women. I search the aisles. No women. I head back to women's restrooms. Empty.

Suddenly, trying to find a woman in a truck stop seems so ludicrous. The building is cavernous and filled with two of everything—one for truckers, one for regular folks. I weave my way through the truckers' lounge, the women's lockers, and the drivers' showers. Most of the showers are locked. I still don't find her, although I do get a proposition from an unlocked shower's occupant. I make a speedy retreat.

I hear a truck pull away from the gas pumps so I rush out to the glass doors to see if it is the purple one. It isn't. I head back to the lounge just as I hear another truck take off. I rush to see if it's her. It's not. I keep peering out desperately, just in case I can get a glimpse of the driver who may belong to the purple truck. The pink-haired cashier is busy doling out beefaroni and chicken wings, but she takes a minute to point to a sign that reads "No Lounge Lizards." The truckers like to put the sign in their trucks. Well, the married Christian truckers, at least. Pink-hair thinks I'm a hooker, too.

There are no women here, I decide. I'm an idiot. A perverted, obsessive, idiot secretary living in the middle of the desert trolling truck stops for Misses Right.

I rush to the bathroom, tearful, disappointed. I can't hold back the tears. I look under all the stalls to make sure they're empty (hope springs eternal) and then I lock myself in the farthest, biggest stall. I undo my pants, sit on the toilet, and cry. Then I hear another truck take off and I decide not to rush to the door. But the roar of the truck is strong, and my heart begins to race. Blood rushes to my clit. My nipples harden. So I masturbate. Moving my hand in and out of my pants, I forget all about my foolish trek through the truck stop. I forget about my desperation. I just think about the prickle of my skin and the smell of my sex filling the air. I bite down on my hand as I come and let out a tiny peep.

I flush the toilet (for appearances) and look beneath the stalls to make sure I'm still alone. I am.

I fix myself in the mirror, straightening my clothes and wiping my eyes. As I round the bend toward the door, someone jumps from behind the partition and pins my arms behind me.

All I can smell is Old Spice. All truckers wear Old Spice. My mind is racing. The trucker covers my eyes with one hand, rips my shirt open with the other. I'm too scared to scream. Then I feel it. A bulge. Not a cock, thank God, it's her breasts bumping up against me. Fleshy, large breasts. This is my mystery woman.

Old Spice? What a cliché.

I want her.

She keeps me pinned behind the door, with my eyes covered. I don't make a sound. Her tongue is moving across my breasts, putting each nipple in her mouth, sucking, nibbling, ravishing them one at a time. At the same time her hand tugs open my jeans and moves quickly down to my cunt. Her fingers are big, leathered. With ease, she slides two fingers into me, and cups her other fingers around my clit. With each push inside me, her other fingers pull my clit up and down, sending shock waves rippling through my body each time.

She moves her hand from my eyes and I see her for the first time. Tall, big, brown hair, piercing blue eyes, baseball cap, big hips with a key chain hanging from them. With her hand inside me still, she lifts me up and presses me against the wall. I wrap my legs around her waist and she moves her hand in and out of me; moving a bit deeper with each thrust.

When I start to come, she pulls her hand out and moves me—still wrapped around her—to the sink, where she props me up and removes my jeans completely. I glance furtively toward the door. She bends down on her knees, spreading my thighs and pushing her head between them. Each movement of her tongue on my clit seems to last an eternity. Up, down, up, down. Every few minutes she swirls the tip of it. Just a bit. Just to tease. Then she goes back to the long, heavy slurping. Just as the shivers rush through my body, she forces one hand inside me, the other reaches up and grabs my breast, and she does her final swirl.

I come with a ferociousness that makes me fall off the sink. This has been years in the making. Coming? Making.

"You want to go somewhere private with me?" she asks.

I nod. She helps me dress, buttoning my shirt, pulling up my jeans. Then she leads me, flushed and happy, out of the bathroom and out of the truck stop.

I'm aghast. The purple truck is gone. Misses Right leads me to the last aisle, to a red Toyota Celica with Oregon plates. I get in, choking back a chortle but grinning nonetheless. As she revs the engine, I hear a slight whirrr-ping. She grabs my thigh.

Whirrr-ping. Whirrr-ping. I think my overpass days are over.

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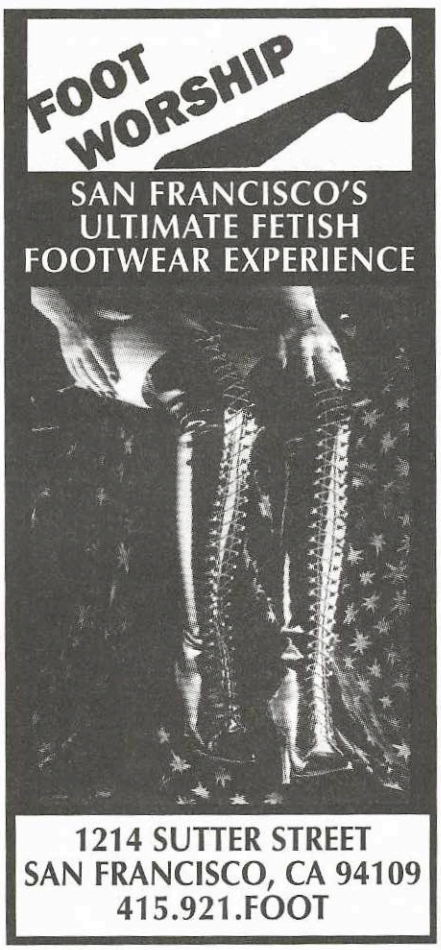

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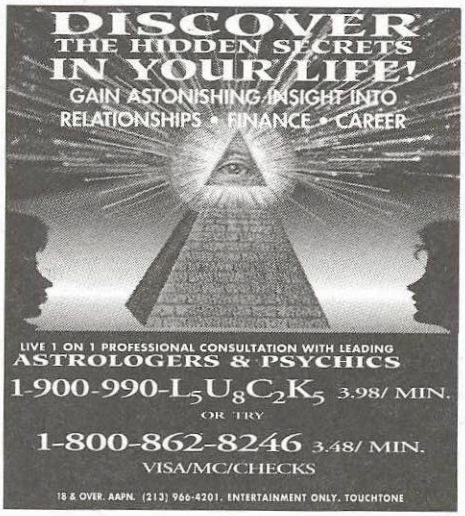

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FUNNY AND ADVENTUROUS GWF, 20, 5'2", blonde/blue, soft butch, looking for a GWF, 21-33, to share time together going to movies, dancing, dining, laughing and spending quiet times together. (Anaheim) #18979

LONG-TERM BOND Very intelligent, direct Woman, 42, very attractive with a great body, looking for a submissive, soft-spoken butch, who loves animals, for very hot times. (San Diego) #18716

WELL PUT TOGETHER African-American Woman, 35, independent, strong, straight-forward and looking for Women only. No Bi, Bi-curious and no Men. (San Diego) #18628

PETITE MOONCHILD Puerto Rican/Panamanian Lesbian, 24, petite, short brown with purle highlights/brown, pierced nipples, likes coffee shops, going to clubs and all kinds of music from alternative to industrial. Seeking feminine or soft butch Woman, 21-35. Petite preferred. Let's get together and have a good time. (Pasadena) #15920

CASE AND POINT Very intelligent GBF, 5'6", medium build, aggressive yet sensitive butch. Seeking feminine GBF, who likes dining out, movies, going out and dancing. Prefer n/s and drug-free. (Los Angeles) #16900

YOU'RE THE ONE Feminine, pretty, slim Gay White Female, 30, seeks feminine Women, 29-36, for friends and possible relationship. (Los Angles) #16821

WANT MORE? Single Asian Female, 4'11", 120 lbs. Seeks honest, caring, loving Single White Females, 20-35, for long-term relationship. (San Diego) #16471

I'M TELLING YOU Attractive, fit, deep Single Female, 32, into the arts and music. Seeks attractive, feminine, athletic Lesbians, 25-35, to start as friends and go from there. (West Hollywood) #16435

READY TO GET SERIOUS? 39-year-old Single Female, seeks some outgoing Women, 30 and up, for some good times. (Colton) #16324

I CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH 29-year-old Single Female, 5'7", 130 lbs, blonde/brown into sports, coffee houses and good conversations. Seeks attractive, athletic Gay Women, 29-36, nonsmokers who love to laugh for fun and more. (Irving) #15834

THE FIRST STEP Creative Black Female, into long walks and having a good time. Seeks other Females, 30-45, 5'-5'7", to have fun with and possible relationship. You have to know someone before you can love them. (Riverside) #15805

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100 PERCENT LESBIAN Loyal WF, 28, 120 lbs, soft butch, into bike riding and parties. Seeks feminine petite WF for friendship and lots more. (West Hollywood) #15407

SOMEONE VERY SPECIAL Full-figured SF, 50, seeks other sincere SF into the outdoors, movies, communication, to share good times with me, for very special friendship. (Hollywood) #15351

JUST FRIENDS 31-year-old BF, looking for friends right now and possibly more later down the road. (West Hollywood) #15107

VERY HONEST AND TRUE Bisexual LF, 36, who doesn't smoke, drink, lie or cheat, I need you to be the same, for long-term relationship. (San Francisco) #14687

I WANT MORE Bisexual F, 19, 5'4", 120 lbs, seeks new friends and possibly more. (Long Beach) #14674

CHLOE ATKINS

NO BAGGAGE Good-looking, smart GF, 39, 5'6", 130 lbs, blonde/blue, HWP. Seeks feminine Females for long-term friendship. (San Diego) #14473

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE FUN Muscular SBF, 19, enjoys dancing. Seeks someone for good times, so if you want to play, let me know. (Riverside) #14457

DO YOU LOVE KIDS? Full-figure DWF, 31, seeks tomboy, soft butch F who enjoys kids, for friendship and possible relationship. (Lake Elsinor) #14241

LOOKING FOR ME? SBiHF, 43, large Lady with a large heart, into music, movies and quiet times. Looking for someone for friendship, leading to a nice relationship. (New Haven) #18884

ALL GOOD THINGS French GF, 45, dark/dark, looking for very feminine Woman who likes music and all good things in life. (Ft Lauderdale) #17109

WORK NIGHT? I'm looking for some fun during the day because I work at night. Call my box if you're interested. (Taylorville) #18579

ALL CALLS RETURNED SWF, 18, enjoys music, dancing, working on cars, working out and having fun. Seeking feminine SWF, 18-25. I'd like to hear from you. (Lincoln) #18536

VIKING LOOK-A-LIKE GWF, 45, 6', 150 lbs, blonde/hazel, one daughter, enjoys clubbing, movies, rock-n-roll and hanging out. Seeking tall, fun Girl, 35-50, for friendship, maybe more. (Chicago) #18311

CARESS ME PLEASE Affectionate SF, 5'5", 135 lbs, enjoys kissing and oral. Seeks feminine Women who enjoy the same. (Chicago) #14295

DAISY DUKE LOOK-A-LIKE Redhead Lesbian, 5'9", really interested in finding a nice Gal, 23-30. Redhead preferred. (Dubuque) #18636

LOVE TO CUDDLE Masculine Gay White Female, 32, 5'6", 190 lbs, seeks honest, caring, feminine Woman, 25-40, for long-term relationship. (Lexington) #16209

DO YOU STICK OUT? Trendy, educated, good-looking GWPF, 5'5", 115 lbs, into deep longing stares and good conversations. Seeks someone who's trendy, good-looking, athletic, feminine Women with dark hair, different colored eyes and anything that makes you stand out. (Ashland) #15135

IT IS ON BF, 36, 5'6", 50 lbs, looking for an attractive, stimulating Woman who can excite my mind's eye and to share all the joys life has to offer. (Baltimore) #18319

IT'S VERY SIMPLE Feminine SGF, 24, 5'5", 193 lbs, seeking a dominant GF, 25-39, who's looking for an interesting Woman with a lot of love to give. Race open. (Baltimore) #16907

DO YOU NEED MORE? 22-year-old SF, grad student, seeks feminine Females who love to go out and have a good time. (Boston) #14498

ARE YOU FREAKY? Light-skinned BF, 19, 5'2", 180 lbs, Pisces, sensitive, looking for a feminine Woman, for possible relationship. Leave me a message. (Detroit) #18384

GET A HOLD OF ME Understanding, caring Black Female, 20, seeks other Females with the same qualities. (Battle Creek) #15414

I HAVE A LOT OF LOVE Cute, petite, soft butch, 36, seeking petite, feminine Women, for dating and possible long-term relationship. (Kansas City) #15173

CONNECT WITH ME Loving Single Female, 23, 5'8", 140 lbs. Seeks very special, down-to-earth Women to connect with. No head games. (Brooklyn) #16782

LEAVE IT ALL TO ME! Attractive, bisexual White Female, 29, 5'5", blonde/brown. Seeks other bisexual White Females for fun and more. (NYC) #16597

VERY BUSTY Bisexual, pretty, busty White Woman, early 20s, 5'5", seeks attractive, feminine, bisexual Females to get to know. (Long Island) #16142

SEXY BLONDE Aggressive, sexy, feminine GF, 30s, into traveling and the arts. Seeks hot partner for serious relationship. (Manhattan) #14845

ONLY HAVE TIME FOR ONE PERSON 39-year-old BF, looking for a loving, lasting relationship. (Wilmington) #13303

WAITING FOR YOU Feminine PBF, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs, seeks butch, aggressive BF, 25-32, who can satisfy a Woman. (Burlington) #1293

HOT AND BOTHERED 18-year-old Single Female, into dancing. Seeks someone to go out and have fun with. (Clairemore) #16797

TAKE A CHANCE Attractive Single Female, 32, soft butch, educated. Seeks well built, feminine Females, to hang out and share a bottle of wine. (Tulsa) #16454

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO 27-year-old BF, looking to meet new friends. Want to know more? (Oklahoma City) #14545

KIND OF SHY WF, 18, 5'6", 125 lbs, brown/blue, with a big smile and always ready to have a good time. Enjoys dancing, music, movies and just having a good time. Looking for an outgoing Woman, for friendship and possibly a long-term relationship. (Medford) #18779

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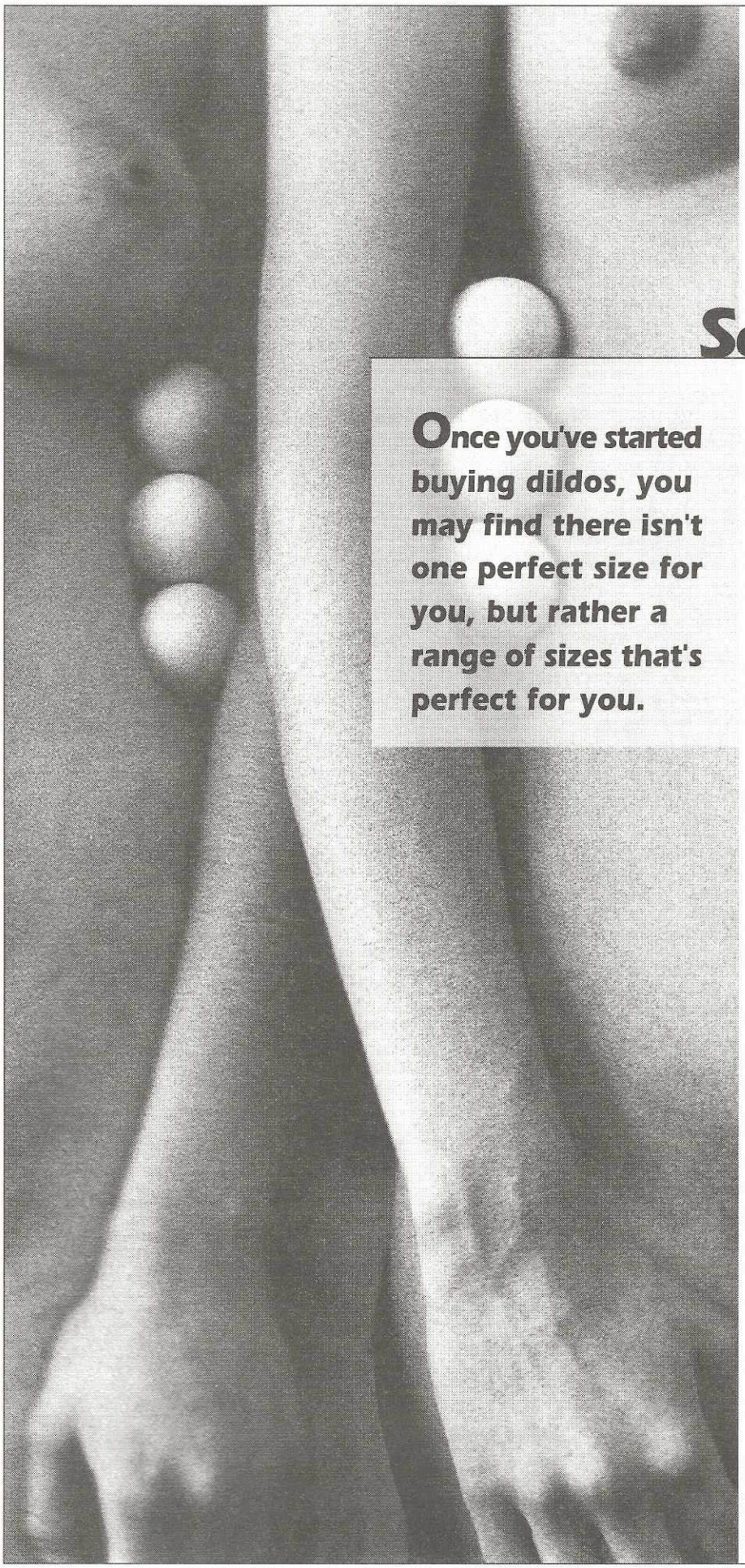

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Sex Toys 101

Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you.

Dildos have always played a part in lesbian sex and lesbian sexual culture. Before dildos were manufactured and sold, resourceful, penetration-loving women created their own toys from materials at hand, like wood or clay, or from common household items, like the friendlier end of a hairbrush. Modern times have brought us a feast of choices, and lesbians are freer than ever before to explore the delicious world of penetration.

If you are buying a dildo for the first time, make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew, so to speak. A dildo that's too big around or too long for its purpose is a sad thing indeed. Happily, dildos are not penises, so no dildo has to be your final choice! Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you. (Check out the Jane Doe line. It offers something for everyone.)

For women who have taken up gender as a sex toy, dildos enhance sex play like almost nothing else can. There are now high quality, silicone dildos for the bedroom (see The Realistics on the next page), and for the barroom (see Packy), that resemble penises. Most of us remember when the words "blowjob" and "lesbian" could not be used in the same sentence. Now we're free to write whatever sentence we want!

With the fluidity of gender and the variance of lesbian desire commonly accepted, and often celebrated, dildos have made their way into many a lesbian boudoir. And by all accounts, they are here to stay.

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The Jane Does

The Jane Does are a series of pleasantly shaped non-representational dils. They are gently tapered from the tip and have a sinuous rippled shape.

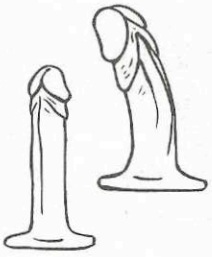
JD2

JD4L

Jane Doe 1	**6" x 1 1/8"**	**$34**
Jane Doe 2	**6" x 1 1/4"**	**$36**
Jane Doe 3	**6" x 1 3/8"**	**$41**
Jane Doe 4	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$45**
Jane Doe 5	**6" x 1 5/8"**	**$49**
Jane Doe 6	**6" x 1 3/4"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 4L	**7 1/4" x 1 1/2"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 5L	**7 1/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$58**
Jane Doe 6L	**7 1/4" x 1 3/4"**	**$63**

The Realistics

These straightforward toys are made of firm silicone and are lavish in detail. Each size is available either straight or curved.



Sm/Sm curved	**5 1/4" x 1"**	**$38**
Med/Med curved	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$58**
Lrg/Lrg curved	**7 1/2" x 2"**	**$68**

Terra Firma

Hats off to the designers of this harness. The O-ring snaps out for adjustability, the waist and leg straps connect directly to the ring for a rock solid fit, a leather pad behind the dildo protects those pinchable pubic hairs. There is room for the balls of the realistic toys some love so well. Available with either double D-ring or buckle clasps. Medium fits up to a 44" hip, large up to 54" hip.

D-ring Terra Firma $50.00
Buckling Terra Firma $62.00
Black or Purple Nylon $27.00

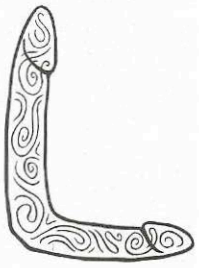
Packy

This semi-hard dildo is perfect for anyone who wants a realistic bulge in their pants. Unlike stiffer dildos it does not look like a rolling pin in your shorts. The dildo is firm enough to penetrate.

Two colors: tan & black. 5" x 1 1/2" $50.00

Boomerang

An innovative V-shaped design allows two women sharing this toy to face each other, and it's good for girl on boy butt love too. Coupled with a snug-fitting pair of men's briefs, the woman with the short end can control the toy with no hands, eliminating all the awkward positioning most double dils necessitate. Available in regular or small. Sizes below indicate the smaller side's length and diameter first, the larger side's second.



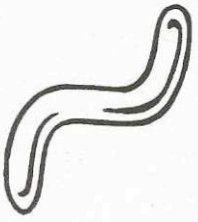
Regular 5 1/2" x 1 3/8" and 8 1/2" x 1 3/8" $82.00
Small 5" x 1 1/4" and 7" x 1 1/4" $68.00

Trihelix

The twisting strands of trihelix provide lots of stimulation. Not just a 'slam bam, thank you ma'am' model, the ribs of tri-helix make every instant one of definite sensation. 6 1/2" x 1 1/4" **$48.00**

Crystal Wand

This 10 inch clear acrylic S-shaped wand is perfect for stimulating the g-spot. Designed by a woman to help other women unleash the energy of this sensitive area, the wand comes with a 7 page guidebook on the g-spot and the wand.



$50.00

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We ship all orders as quickly as we can, usually within 48 hours of receiving your order, but some products may occasionally become back-ordered. If so, we will try to let you know right away. Otherwise, expect your order within two weeks. All orders are shipped in plain wrapping to protect your privacy. All shipping is UPS (please make sure to include a phone number if you receive packages at a P.O. Box.) Canadians: please add $3 to your shipping charges.

Rush Delivery: Next Day orders arrive 2nd day from order received
2nd Day orders arrive 3rd day from order received

Purchase	Ground	2nd Day	Next Day
Under $20	$4.00	$11.75	$18.75
$20.01–$40	$5.25	$12.75	$19.75
$40.01–$60	$6.75	$14.25	$21.25
$60.01–$100	$8.75	$16.25	$23.25
$100.01–$200	$11.00	$18.50	$25.50
Over $200.01	$13.00	$20.50	$27.50

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We regret that we cannot be responsible for any seizures by customs, although our sympathy and outrage are with you.

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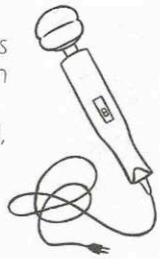
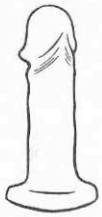
Hitachi Magic Wand
Known as "the cadillac of vibrators," this is perhaps the world's most popular sex toy. Its strong vibration makes it an unfailing friend in masturbation, and its symmetrical shape makes it a natural for partnered, face-to-face fun.
2 speeds, spongy head. $45.00



Pocket Pal
About the size of a human penis, but much less demanding, smooth pocket pal is certain to feel good. Pocket Pal is one of our most popular dildos because it is a size that fits a lot of people, is pleasantly soft, and has proportions that are, well, cute. 6" x 1 3/8" **$35.00**

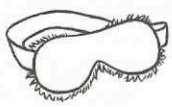


Astroglide
The exalted lube of lubes. It's extremely slick, stays wet for a long time, has almost no taste or scent, and doesn't dry sticky. Hands down, the best.
35 ml. $6.00
2.5 oz. $8.50
5 oz. $14.00

Jane's Bonds
Nylon web cuffs cushion lined with soft black fake fur. Four foot tethers add convenience. Adjustable for wrist or ankle restraint. **Black or purple.**
$27.50

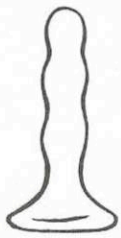
Tweezer Clips
A favorite nipple clamp, these rubber tipped tweezers easily adjust from light to tight. **$12.00**

Fuzzy Blindfold
Lined with comfy fake fur, this attractive blindfold blocks out all light. Black. **Leather $22.00**
Nylon $16

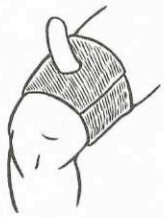


Jane Wa
This silicone line brings another time-honored butt toy shape into the present and beyond. The sphincter-pleasing form is designed for in-and-out play. Can be worn in a harness.

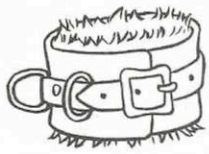
Jane Wa 1	**4 3/4" x 7/8"**	**$20.00**
Jane Wa 2	**5 1/4" x 1 1/8"**	**$27.00**
Jane Wa 3	**6 1/4" x 1 3/8"**	**$34.00**
Jane Wa 4	**6 3/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$40.00**



Wrap-On
Simplicity is at the heart of this latest thigh harness. One size truly fits all — all thighs (up to 36") and all dildos. Stretchy wetsuit material, 40" x 7", wraps around your thigh and closes with velcro at any point along its length. A hole at one end will stretch to accommodate any dildo. The stretchy material feels sexy on! **$29.95**

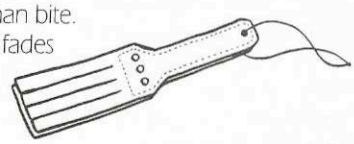


Fur Lined Restraints
Our most popular heavy-duty, wide black leather cuffs are lined with a cushioning faux fur. Comfortable and secure.
Wrist $55.00
Ankle $66.00



Onyx Collar
This simple graceful collar is made of doubled glove leather for a comfortable, attractive fit. **S, M, L. $25.00**

Spanky
This small spanker packs more bark than bite. The sound can be fun, and the sting fades quickly. Black leather. **$25.00**



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V101

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When Did You Know You Were in Love?

Compiled by Yetta Howard

I knew I was in love when I turned 40 and made a commitment to love myself best, never to go steady, and always to have more than one lover. As a former Romantic Love Junkie, I'll admit love produces heightened emotions and hot sex, but it was very much like stepping into dog shit...it was always accidental, and it took forever to get rid of the smell. Betty Dodson, Ph.D., author of Sex for One

I knew I was in love when I was hugging a woman I had just started going out with, and before I knew it, 45 minutes had gone by. *Petra*

We were walking home from a restaurant. Some asshole twice my size was verbally bashing me. My usually nonagressive girlfriend ran up and started kicking him and yelling, "Don't fuck with my girlfriend." It didn't occur to me to run; I only thought about her. Thugg

I was lying in bed one morning and heard her footsteps in the next room, and I knew it was her, just from that. At that point, I realized that she was a part of my life, a part of me. *Kitti*

Embarrassingly enough, I was watching the Kids in the Hall movie, Brain Candy. In the film, the characters get stuck in the memories of their happiest moments. I thought, "My happiest moment would be the two of us talking yesterday." Masie

We were leaving the beach and I bent to take off my shoes to brush the sand off my feet. My partner then produced a red silk handkerchief from a breast pocket for me to use. *Navarre*

We would get in this hypnotic state when we had sex, and we wouldn't stop for five or six hours. It happened so much we had a joke about "the H-spot." One day it happened when she wasn't there: I sat alone in a booth at Burger King during my lunch break for 45 minutes, utterly in a hypnotic state, just from thinking about her. And once I had an orgasm while I was in a cab and thinking about her. I would come from just kissing her. I sang songs in a made-up foreign language when I walked home from her house. I finally realized this was all not normal. Faith

When I built a little cabin in the woods just for us in my mind. *Laine*

I knew I was in love when I saw that she owned not one, but two VCRs. Natasha

For me, "in love" and "in heat" have remarkably similar symptoms. Everything she says is right; everything she does is true. The difference between them? "Heat" is a puddle of grrljuice you roll out of. Love is a deep, cavernous sea—you can fall in love, but you can't fall out. You just keep falling. Until you hit something hard. Very hard. *Deborah Addington*

First time (age 12): On our way back from a Girl Scout outing, I pretended to be asleep in the car so I could lay my head on her shoulder. Second time (age 15): We skated around and around on the ice at the old World Fairgrounds in Queens, and I felt like the hot cocoa we'd just drunk. Third time (age 17): When she looked at me with moist, worshipping eyes, lying close on the grass in a city park. Fourth time (age 18): When we couldn't stop touching in her dorm room. Fifth time (age 21): When she made me laugh until I hurt. Sixth time (age 25): The first time I saw her, cape flying, long hair falling over her granny glasses. Lee Lynch

The first time my girlfriend offered to cook me breakfast and let me stay in bed, my heart was won over. And when she said, "I don't think you're bad when you wake up," I knew it was mutual. (Even though she was wrong.) *Lynn*

I was taking it slow because I had had my heart stomped on just before I met her. But after about three months, my heart started to feel huge like it might explode when I was near her, and I had these strange urges to say things like "I love you" and "Marry me." It was as if some force had taken over my brain and I had no control over it. Wes

Tell us! What sexual trick did a girl perform on you that drove you crazy with lust? Write **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com

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DILDO NIGHTMARES
IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO NOW THAT WE'VE BROKEN UP..
SIGH
RRRRRRR
AND I MADE YOU A LITTLE HAT TO GO WITH THE JACKET.

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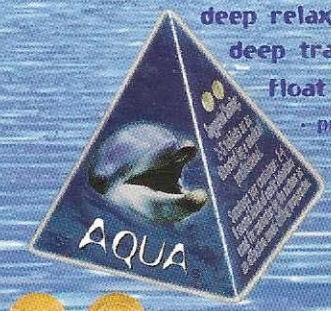

deep relaxation
deep tranquility
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